THE

MONTHLY VISITOR.

MAY, 1804.

SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF *JAMES FORDYCE, D. D.*

IN the selection of biographical notices we endeavour to bring forward those individuals, who, by the direction of their talents to the improvement of their species, are entitled to the reverence and gratitude of mankind. Of such a complection was the character which we are now about to hold up to the contemplation of our readers. From the pulpit, and from the press, did he labour, for a long series of years, to enlighten and improve the rising generation. We, therefore, embalm his memory.

Dr. JAMES FORDYCE was born in 1720, at Aberdeen. From his earliest days great care was taken of his education. Having received the usual elementary instruction of a grammar-school, he entered at the Marischal college,

where he went through the regular course of studies necessary to qualify him for the christian ministry. He then became minister of the church of Scotland, and settled at Brechin, in the county of Angus. Here he continued many years, when he removed to the parish of Alloa, near Stirling. It is worthy of observation, that the parishioners were prejudiced in favor of another minister; but his preaching and conduct soon secured to him their approbation.

Here it was that the subject of our memoir turned author, and attracted the notice of the public by the printing of three excellent sermons. The titles were—*The Eloquence of the Pulpit—The Method of promoting Edification, by public Institutions*—and *The delusive and bloody Spirit of Popery*. But it was another pulpit performance that excited most of the public attention, entitled *The Folly, Infamy, and Misery of unlawful Pleasure*; preached in the year 1760, before the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. About this period he received from the University of Glasgow the diploma of Doctor in Divinity. Indeed, the discourses already mentioned conferred on him no small reputation. His fame, as a pulpit orator, was now raised to a degree of unrivalled excellence among his brethren of the church of Scotland.

The relations of Dr. Fordyce being settled in London, they were naturally desirous of having him amongst them. This wished for event soon took place, for he succeeded Dr. Lawrence in the pastoral care of a respectable dissenting congregation which met at Monkwell-street.

Here he speedily obtained a high degree of popularity; and "such popularity," says one of his biographers, "was certainly due to the excellence of his pulpit services, whether considered in relation to the elegance which they displayed as compositions, or their happy adaptation to impress the heart, and their uniform, practical, and useful tendency."

This popularity, however great and deserved, was considerably lessened by the failure of a brother in the year 1772; and by a misunderstanding with his coadjutor, Mr. Toller, in 1775: both these unhappy circumstances thinned, in no small degree, the number of his auditors. But he continued to officiate at Monkwell-street till the year 1782, when his declining health rendered it necessary for him to discontinue his public services. In the following year he delivered a charge to his successor, the Rev. Mr. Lindsay, which has been greatly and justly admired. It has been pronounced the finest specimen of pulpit oratory that ever fell from his pen, and the best production of the kind in any language. It will be read with pleasure and profit by ministers of every sect and denomination in the religious world.

On his retirement Dr. Fordyce withdrew into Hampshire, in the neighbourhood of Lord Bute, with whom he lived in great intimacy, and had free access to his invaluable library. He removed from this spot to Bath, where he died the first of October, 1796, in the 76th year of his age. He expired without a groan, having

sustained the growing infirmities of advanced years with fortitude and resignation.

His publications were,—1. In 1765, *Sermons to Young Women*, of which there have been very many editions, and they have been translated into several European languages.—2. In 1776, *A Sermon on the Character and Conduct of the Female Sex*.—3. In 1777, *Addresses to Young Men*, in two volumes.—4. In 1785, *Addresses to the Deity*.—5. In 1786, *A Volume of Poems*;—and lastly, in 1791, *A Discourse on Pain*, which partook of his usual eloquence and originality.

His *Addresses to Young Men* contain some admirable sentiments, which cannot fail of being useful to the young of every description. His *Addresses to the Deity* are fine specimens of devotion. The first has for its subject, *a View of the Sea*; the conclusion shall be transcribed; but the reader will recollect, that the paragraph with which it commences relates to the loss of an elder brother by shipwreck, on the coast of Holland:—

"Roll on, ye destined ages, till the plans of Providence are all fulfilled. At length the morning of the resurrection will dawn, when the sea shall give up its prey, and the dead shall rise incorruptible. Happy period! Consummation most devoutly to be wished! Then shall I meet in perfect glory a much-loved and long-lamented brother; the stay of his father's house, the comfort of his widowed mother, my counsellor and example in youth; of whom the devouring waves were permitted to bereave us,

at the instant that we were rejoicing in hope to welcome his return from foreign lands, full of honour, and rich in accumulated treasures of learning, eloquence, and wisdom. So it seemed good in thy sight, mysterious, unerring Ruler. "Clouds and darkness are round about thee; but righteousness and judgment are the habitation of thy throne." That inestimable man was "taken from the evil to come." By an end, which ignorance or impatience would have deemed untimely, of what public disasters, and private sorrows, did he not escape the pain of partaking! With what congratulations would his venerable ancestors, and a bright circle of seraphic spirits, hail his enlightened and benevolent soul, on gaining so early the shore of immortality! With what transports, till then unfelt, would his rising faculties join that high assembly, to celebrate the praise of his and their Parent and Lord!

"Nor wilt Thou be angry, if emulating such celestial harmony, I presume to add my imperfect note. Art Thou not also my Parent and my Lord, though I am yet "a sojourner on earth?" Deign to receive my humble tribute of love and homage. Accept my warmest gratitude, in particular, for having formed me capable of these contemplations, and inclined my heart to entertain them. Let me never think of thy Majesty but with the deepest veneration; never dare to mention thy name with rashness or indifference; nor live to become a careless spectator of the beautiful and magnificent objects, in which Thou hast manifested thy per-

fections with such surpassing glory. May the spirit of devotion, they have at this time called forth, be nourished and increased by frequent reflections on a scene so peculiarly adapted, as that which I behold, to exalt the imagination, and strike the mind with inexpressible solemnity. May I ever study to keep my passions in subjection to the awful Power, "who saith to the sea, hither shalt thou come, but no farther: here shall thy proud waves be staid." And let that irresistible voice which stills their rage, command every tumult of my breast into a calm.

"When from the immediate effects of thy omnipotence, great Creator, I turn to observe the inferior works of men, I would not forget that divine energy, without which nothing noble, useful, or pleasing, can be accomplished. To this secret, but powerful influence, I trace the proportions, accommodations, and ornaments of the goodly fabric which now attracts my attention. The skill that contrived, and the diligence that executed the whole, were from Thee, O God, the giver of every talent, and the inspirer of every virtue. To Thee its master looks up with reverence. Thy workmanship in nature Thou hast disposed him to study through all its visible degrees, from whatever is most extensive and sublime, to its most minute and seemingly inconsiderable parts; inconsiderable only to superficial beholders. To his, and to every eye illuminated by science, and strengthened by the microscopic glass, the smallest are not less distinguished than the

greatest by the signatures of supreme intelligence. From the delight and improvement attending such occupations, incline him daily to aspire after a higher existence, in which he may "see Thee face to face," and contemplate with unceasing admiration the issues of almighty wisdom and goodness in their source. While he remains in this state of imperfection, may he ever seek his happiness in the pursuit of truth, in the practice of temperance, in the works of charity, in the pleasures of a philosopher, and of a christian! And from these may he ever derive that sincere satisfaction, which neither opulence, nor rank, nor power could bestow!

"For myself, thy unworthy servant, I will bless Thee while I live, that in the decline of my days Thou art giving me to enjoy the leisure and serenity of a peaceful retreat, where, by pious meditation and fervent prayer, a ready submission to thy Providence, and a growing complacence in thy works, the constant exercise of good-will towards men, and the elevating hope of the gospel, I may double my diligence to prepare for the inevitable hour. And when it shall arrive, grant, most merciful Father, through the mediation of my divine Master and only Saviour, that I may obtain an easy passage from this to a happier region, and be admitted to worship Thee in the temple of eternity."

There is a rational fervour, a holy enthusiasm, a dignified energy in this *Address*, from which we cannot withhold our admiration.

Few books in the language are better adapted to promote the interests of virtue and piety.

The person of Dr. FORDYCE was remarkably tall and slender. The writer of this brief and cursory narrative recollects once seeing him at Bath, not long before his decease; he passed rapidly by him in the street, and was recognised by the description he had received of him. Indeed his figure being altogether singular, yet genteel, cannot easily be effaced from his mind. The glance, though momentary, produced a lasting impression.

His very respectable biographer, the *Rev. Thomas Morgan*, thus characterises his life and writings with judgment and ability:—

"Dr. FORDYCE's writings discover much genius and imagination, a correct taste, no little knowledge of the world, and a happy method of engaging the attention, and interesting the feelings of his readers; and they are marked by a spirit of ardent piety and a zeal for the interests of virtue, which they are well adapted to subserve. His religious sentiments were liberal, rational, and manly. In private life he is represented to have been highly amiable and justly beloved, conciliating the affection of the young, as well as of his friends in more advanced life, by his cheerful, pleasing, and instructive conversation."

The Rev. Mr. Lindsay, his successor, preached and published his funeral sermon, which was at once a just and eloquent tribute of respect to his memory.

Islington. J. E.

THE REFLECTOR.

NO. 87.

THE POWERS OF GENIUS;

A POEM.

By John Blair Linn, A. M.

IN the earliest papers of our *Reflector* it will be found that we examined the nature of *genius*, and pointed out the best means of its cultivation. We now, therefore, are happy in having it in our power to analyse a poem on this delightful subject. It has just made its appearance, and its singular merits have induced us thus to announce it to the world.

This exquisite poem is divided into *three* parts, the *first* of which shall be the present subject of examination

In the opening *genius* is thus well defined:—

Say, what is *genius?* words can ne'er define
That power which springs from origin divine;
Genius we know by her impetuous force,
We know the torrent by its headlong course;
We know the sun by his effulgent ray,
Which gloom disperses from the face of day.
Invention marks the *genius* of the soul,
And on the lightning rides from pole to pole:
It sweeps with comets its eccentric flight,
And soars in air beyond the world's dim sight;
Disdains the paths that common footsteps tread,
But breathes the spirit of the mountain head!
It flies through scenes unvisited before,
"Exhausts this world, and then imagines" more!

The *progress of genius* is thus sweetly pourtrayed:—

Behold where bursts the golden orb of day!
He rolls exulting in his fervid way;
He grows in strength, till from meridian height
He pours on earth his streams of burning light:
Thus *genius* first begins her brightening course,
Proceeds increasing in resistless force;
And *all collected* in one great design,
Moves like a giant just refresh'd with wine;
Then sweeps the storm which chills with loud alarm,
Then falls the vigour of Alcides' arm!

The *poet of genius* is thus characterised:—

Heedless *he* roves, all pale with moody care,
What pleases others he will never share;
At morn or evening, on yon giddy steep,
'Tis said, he stands, and overhangs the deep:
'Tis said he wanders at the dead of night,
And, like a ghost, avoids the glare of light:
'Tis said he babbles to the moon's full beam,
And sits in silence by the falling stream!

Shakespeare is then brought forward with admirable effect:—

Hark! from the heath I hear some footstep dread,
Which beats the earth with hollow-sounding tread.
Hark! from the tomb a voice of terror breaks,
The air breathes cold, the ground beneath me shakes;
A *ghost* appears, the moon withdraws her beams,
And all the thickets sound with frightful screams:
The *critic's* voice is now as hush'd as death,
His eyes are fix'd, we scarcely hear his breath;
Great *Shakespeare* now commands the midnight hour,
And o'er the soul extends his dreadful power!

Ossian is next most forcibly and happily depicted:—

Amid his native wilds and misty plains,
Sublimest *Ossian* pours his wizard strains;
The voice of old revisits his dark dream,
On *his* sad soul the deeds of warriors beam;
Alone he sits upon the distant hill,
Beneath him falls a melancholy rill;
His harp lies by him on the rustling grass,
The deer before him thro' the thicket pass;
No hunter winds his slow and sullen horn,
No whistling cowherd meets the breath of morn;
O'er the still heath the meteors dart their light,
And round him sweep the mournful blasts of night!

Burns is also faithfully delineated:—

Untaught by science, not refined by art,
His sole instructors *nature* and the *heart*;
See lowly *Burns* move slowly o'er the lea,
And breathe the sweetest song of harmony!
See him arouse his heaven-instructed lyre,
And look thro' nature with creative fire!
With feeling heart attune his melting strain,
And sing the manners of the simple swain!

Such are some of the beautiful passages to be met with in this charming poetical production. We could easily have multiplied our extracts, but we must recollect the limits assigned us. The notes are likewise illustrative of the text, and replete with information.

We shall enter on the remaining books, and the other contents of the volume, in the three successive numbers of our Miscellany.

Islington. E.

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON SYMPATHY.

THE finer feelings of the soul were given originally to man at his first creation, for his happiness; and though his present condition is in a measure depraved, yet they are adapted, within proper restrictions, to promote his real welfare. We consider ourselves as possessed of the same nature, notwithstanding we may vary in complexion, language, or country; and we have no reason to doubt, but if our feelings were not injured by education, national or party prejudice, we should arrive at such a state, that we could not very soon enter into any combination to the detriment of our fellow-creatures. Natural religion is of essential service, as it influences us to such noble actions, as are congenial with human nature, as well as the best interests of society. Revealed religion is in no measure inimical to the welfare of mankind, as it teaches them to feel for the miseries of others, to consider ourselves as children of the same parent, and as candidates for the same happy eternity.

It is much to be lamented, that there exist in our world, beings of human form, whose hearts are hard and callous, so that objects of misery scarcely excite any compassion; and they pass through life possessed of such a stoical disposition, that at times they appear worse than the beasts that perish. Children

dren are not instructed as they ought, to love all mankind, and not to pour contempt upon any nation, however they may differ from us in religion, politics, or particular customs. They should be taught to feel for the distresses, and not to deride the aged in their misery: to compassionate the brute creation, and not to torment the meanest insect. Pity's Gift is a book well worthy of their attention, the tales are artless, yet prove the goodness of the authoress who selected them: for notwithstanding the brutes are deprived of reason, yet they ought to be treated with the greatest tenderness.

It has been objected against the indulgence of sympathetic feelings, that they open the avenue to misery: we readily concede, that they be the source of much uneasiness. The tear of pity comes frequently from a feeling heart, and the mind is corroded with painful solicitude: to illustrate this, Sterne's beautiful representation is well worthy of our regard:—"Let us go into the house of mourning, made so by such afflictions as have been brought on, merely by the common cross accidents and disasters to which our condition is exposed; where, perhaps, the aged parents sit broken-hearted, pierced to their souls with the folly and indiscretion of a thankless child, the child of their prayers, in whom all their hopes and expectations centered. Perhaps a more affecting scene:—a virtuous family lying pinched with want, where the unfortunate support of it, having long struggled with a train of misfortunes, and bravely fought up against them, is now pite-

ously borne down at the last, overwhelmed with a cruel blow, which no forecast or frugality could have prevented: O God! look upon his afflictions: behold him distracted with many sorrows, surrounded with the tender pledges of his love, and the partner of his cares, without bread to give them! Unable, from the remembrance of better days, to dig; to beg, ashamed.

When we enter into the house of mourning, such as this, it is impossible to insult the unfortunate even with an improper look. Under whatever levity and dissipation of heart such objects catch our eyes, they catch likewise our attention, collect and call home our scattered thoughts, and exercise them with wisdom. A transient scene of distress, such as is here sketched, how soon does it furnish materials to set the mind at work? How necessarily does it engage it to the consideration of the miseries and misfortunes, the dangers and calamities to which the life of man is subject?

Who, likewise, can see a beloved friend in affliction, without feeling for his misery? We anticipate the anguish of his soul, we enquire into the secret cause of his grief. We say, from a sympathetic heart, unbosom your sorrows, we are tenderly solicitous for your welfare. Now is the time to assist you by our counsels and best advice. If Providence have bereaved you of one comfort, we will impart another. Have you felt the ingratitude of relations? are their hearts evil affected towards you? Be not discouraged, this is a trial only

for a season; this life is a chequered scene. The best men are born to troubles. Be not discouraged. Tempers are changeable. Let your present sorrows be borne with becoming fortitude. This is not your rest, "there is another and better world," where all is harmony, and no discord will ever disturb the peaceful inhabitants.

Notwithstanding sympathy may thus be the inlet to misery, it is productive of many advantages. Without it life would not be worth the name; for whilst we feel for the distress of others, we partake of their happiness; and may we not justly remark, that there is pleasure in the finer feelings of the soul? We are imperceptibly introduced into a world of enjoyments. Behold, therefore, two kindred minds possessed of the same feeling, with how much impetuosity do they anticipate the wishes of each other. Even their bitterest sorrows are connected with real pleasure. They consider all their sufferings as giving occasion for their prayers, counsels, advice, and regard. There are seasons when sympathy produces transports of satisfaction, in having keenness to enjoy the blessings of life, and these sweets peculiar to human nature. Whereas, if our feelings were less keen, we should not taste those moments of bliss inseparable from a feeling heart and sympathetic mind. A fond parent, for instance, beholds his beloved offspring with much satisfaction. He feels for their distress, and enjoys with them mutual happiness. Even God himself, the parent of us all, is represented as feeling for the

misery of his creatures. He delights in their happiness, and causes his sun to shine on the evil and the good. And even the Saviour of mankind wept at human misery, and prayed for his bloody murderers. He possessed the feelings of human nature, and has left us an example worthy of our imitation on all occasions. It is a consideration that we ought to indulge, that the future state is free from all misery, and that it excludes whatever may cause uneasiness. As going to that happy state, we ought to feel for each other, and do all in our power to make each other happy. Thus we shall be a blessing on earth, and anticipate the state where there will be pleasure for evermore.

Hereford, May 12, 1804. T. M.

SURVEY OF

THE MODEL OF EDINBURGH,

By Messrs. BROOKS,

In the Hay-Market.

AMONG the sights with which the British Metropolis has of late years been gratified, this *Model* of the city of *Edinburgh* is entitled to peculiar attention. The writer of this survey resided at this place during the winter of 1790, and therefore has it in his power to bear a decided testimony to the accuracy of its execution.

This model embraces a surface of above *two hundred square feet*; hence it follows, that the exhibition of each part is perfect in its kind; and the whole forms an admirable representation of the Metropolis of the northern part of this island. *Multum in parvo* was never before so completely realised.

Of all cities in the known world, it has been remarked by travellers, that Edinburgh possesses the most romantic situation. Although no city had been built there, the singular aspect of the mountains and plains that surround it, the beauty of the river Forth, &c. would have drawn remarks from its visitors. The *Castle*, so often noticed in history, for the scenes which took place within its walls, is reared after a most singular manner; it stands on the extremity of the High-street, and being about 4 or 500 feet above the level, commands the surrounding country. Here it was that the venerable General Guest, at the time of the rebellion, 1745, held out with a courage and a fortitude which well deserved, and received the thanks of his countrymen. At the bottom of the High-street is *Holy-Rood House*, the St, James's of Scotland, where the Caledonian kings appeared in all their splendor; and where the Pretender, in 1745, took up his residence. Home, the author of the justly admired tragedy of Douglas, mentions his having seen the reception of the Pretender, at Holy-Rood House, with circumstances entitled to attention. The form and appearance alone of the place are sufficient to draw the notice of the spectator; it is

covered with the hoar of antiquity. On the north part of this inclined plane (for such is the extension of the city from the castle to the palace of Holy-Rood House) is the *New Town*' built with a fascinating regularity. St. Andrew's Church rears its elegant spire; and the whole exhibits the several buildings in their finished proportions and beauty. On the south is that part of the *Old Town* where *Herriot's Hospital*, and other edifices of benevolence are seen, with their appropriate decorations. The church of *Grey Friars* is beautiful: here Dr. Robertson, the author of Charles V. used to preach; and his monument in the church-yard cannot fail to attract and gratify our curiosity. On the north, already mentioned, is the church where Dr. Henry officiated, author of the best History of Great Britain; whilst in the centre is the High Church, where Dr. Hugh Blair preached those sermons which have delighted and instructed the christian world.

In the suburbs of Edinburgh also, here distinctly marked, are to be seen, *Carlton-Hill*, *Arthur's Seat*, and *Salisbury Craggs*, frowning over the city, and presenting an awful front of impending rocks; whence have been extracted materials for the pavement of London, and of other principal towns in the kingdom.

On the Carlton-Hill we perceive the *Telegraph*, the *Observatory*, the *Bridewell*, and the *Monument* belonging to *David Hume*, of historical celebrity.

To those persons who are acquainted with the spot, or to those who are only geographi-

cally conversant with the situation of this ancient and renowned city, the examination of this *model* must impart a very high degree of gratification. It were to be wished that every city in Europe were represented in a similar manner; so pleasing and rational an exhibition could not fail of proving acceptable to all classes of persons, and more particularly to the rising generation.

Islington, May 16, 1804. E.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AT SOMERSET-HOUSE,

For the Year 1804.

Pictores et ii qui signa fabricantur, suum quisque opus a vulgo considerari vultut si quid reprehensum sit a pluribus id corrigatur. CICERO.

Painters and Statuaries, each of them is desirous that his productions should be comtemplated by the public, so that what is deemed faulty by the many, may receive due correction. *Translation.*

WE have, for years past, furnished our readers with a *Sketch of the Exhibition*, and trust that it has imparted a degree of gratification. We shall observe the usual order of noticing the productions which present themselves for examination; and we shall not lose sight of that spirit of candour which we have exercised on former occasions. In so copious an exhibition there must be many pieces entitled to our

admiration. Of *Historical Paintings* there are several which call for attention.

" Henry the Third, replying to the bishops, who, deputed by the ecclesiastical order, had remonstrated with him on his frequent violations of the privileges of his subjects," &c. by *Westall*.—" Cicero, and the Magistrates of Syracuse, ordering the tomb of Archimedes to be freed from the bushes that had obscured it," by *West*—are two beautiful pieces, illustrative of ancient and modern history. But the scripture pieces must not be forgotten—" St. John, in the island of Patmos," by *Rigaud*; The " Last Supper;" the " Destruction of the Beast and false Prophet;" " Hagar and Ishmael," by *West*; " Martha reprehended," by *Keman*; " Naomi and her Daughter," by *Dawe*; and the " Sixth Trumpet sounding," are each of them meritorious, possessing many traits of excellence which command our approbation.

We must also add, that we were much pleased with " Lysippe and the Babe," by *Singleton*. Portraits of " three Officers, of the dragoons, receiving the Pope's blessing in the Vatican," by *Northcote*. " Mercy, interceding for a fallen Warrior," by *Thomson*. " Phæton soliciting and obtaining leave of his father, Phœbus, to conduct the chariot of the sun," by *West*. " Narcissus and Echo," by *Turner*. " Helena and Cassandra sleeping in the temple of Apollo," by *Howard*. Nor can we help expressing the gratification we received from *Ohie*'s " Gil Blas, taking the key from Dame

Leonora in the cavern of the banditti;" and from *Freebairn*'s "Vale of Tempe, in Greece."

"In Tempe's peaceful vale
——— hence let us roam
Amongst its sylvan scenes,
And sacrifices to the gods prepare!

The former piece is marked by a *terror* characteristic of the scene, whilst the latter is invested with all that *beauty*, which being inspired by the contemplation of nature, tranquillizes the heart.

The *Portraits* are uncommonly plentiful; but we must not complain, each individual has his circle of connections, and most persons may find some one countenance in which he may recognise the features of a friend, or of a beloved relation. Besides, public characters are entitled to public exhibition. Here then let us mention the portraits of—Sir William Blizard, by *Opie*—Baron Graham, by *Copley*—W. Lewis, Esq. by *Owen*—Sir William Rawlins, by *Clark*—Lady F. Ponsonby as Rebecca, by *Opie*—Lady Hamilton, by *Masqueries*—S. Whitbread, Esq. by *Opie*—J. P. Kemble, by *Lawrence*—T. Holcroft, by *Opie*—Earl Spencer, by *Shee*—Miss Cholmondely, by *Hopner*—Sir J. Mackintosh, by *Lawrence*—Mrs. Siddons, by *Lawrence*—and lastly, Elfi Bey, and Colonel Moore, by *Countess de Zott*. We must also be permitted to specify two portraits of superior excellence, that of Dr. Hutton, the celebrated mathematician; and that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, both by *Ashby*: they possess all the charms of neatness, elegance, and fidelity. Nor can we pass over

in silence two portraits of private individuals, that of Miss Menage, and that of Mr. Giraux, by *Slater*: they are executed with a taste and delicacy that do honour to his profession.

As to the *Miniatures* they are numerous, but, on the whole, pleasing and attractive. Our eye was caught by the portraits of the Duke of Kent—General Dumeurier—Dr. Thornton—Bishop of Durham—Mr. Fuseli—Duchess of St. Albans—Mr. Cooke, in the character of Richard—Mr. Windham—and Dr. Hay.—An old Woman—Miss Hazlitt—and his Father, by *Hazlitt*, are well executed. The resemblances in the two latter are admirably hit off: the gaiety of infancy, and the gravity of age, are, in these countenances, depicted with a more than ordinary degree of felicity.

The *Landscapes* and *Views* are, on the whole, well entitled to attention. Cape Comorin, the southernmost point of the peninsula of India—View of Quanpore, by *Daniell*—Moonlight, by *West*—View of Conway Castle, by *Loutherburg*—View of Greenwich, by *Wickstead*—View of the opening of the Docks near Dublin, by *Ashford*—Edinburgh, from the Calton-Hill, by *Turner*—Llantony Abbey, Monmouthshire, by *Powell*—and the View of the Thames, from Richmond-Hill, by *Cooper*, were amongst those with which we were gratified. And it would be unpardonable not to notice, with great approbation, a Landscape and Cattle—Melrose Abbey—and Castleacre Monastery, Norfolk, by *Baynes*. They are, in his usual style, faithful transcripts of nature, executed with taste and ingenuity.

We observed several *Sea Pieces* of merit, but "the Shipwrecked Mariner," by *Thomson*, was peculiarly impressive:—

"Sad on the jutting eminence he sits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the farther sky,
Where the round ether mixes with the wave,
Ships dim discovered dropping from the clouds:
At evening to the setting sun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpless!"—

Of the *Moral cast*, "Sir Richard Steel and his Mother," by *Westall*, is pathetically interesting—

"I remember I went into the room where his body lay, and my mother sat weeping alone by it; I had my battledore in my hand, and fell a beating the coffin, and calling *papa*, for, I know not how, I had some slight idea that he was locked up there! My mother caught me in her arms, and transported beyond all patience of the silent grief she was before in, she almost smothered me in her embraces." *Tatler, Vol.* iii. *No.* 181.

The "Cotter's Saturday Night," from Burns, by *Smith*, has much tenderness and expression.

Of *Animals*—we must remark, that "the Setter—the Springer—the Terriers, and the Stag-Hound, by *Reinagle*, painted for that superb and popular work, the "Sportsman's Cabinet," are deserving of particular attention.

Of *ludicrous* characters there were not many, except *Le Wilde's* singular cluster of nine theatrical characters, viz. Suett, Cherry, Matthews,

Grove, Gibbs, Emery, Dowton, Fawcett, and Blanchard. Their phizzes thus united in one frame afford some little diversion.

We close with the observation, that though there are several inferior performances, yet, on the whole, we were in no small degree gratified. There are very few large striking pieces, such as we have seen on former occasions. Let us, however, be candid even in noticing this defect; for an *annual exhibition*, with whatever blemishes it may be attended, constitutes a nursery for the Fine Arts, and proves an incentive to honourable emulation.

Islington. E.

Narrative of the loss of his Majesty's ship the Apollo, J. W. T. Dixon, Esq. captain, with about 40 sail of her convoy, on the coast of Portugal, three leagues north of Cape Mondego, when on her passage for the West Indies, on the 2d of April, 1804.

MONDAY, the 26th of March, sailed from the Cove of Cork, in company with his Majesty's ship Carysfort, and 69 sail of merchant ships, under convoy for the West Indies; 27th were out of sight of land, with a fair wind, blowing a strong gale, and steering about W. S. W.; the 28th, 29th, and 30th, weather and course nearly the same; 31st, the wind came more to the westward, but more moderate. Sunday, the 1st of April, at noon, observed in lat. 40 deg. 51 min North, longitude, per account, 12 deg. 29 min. West; at eight o'clock on Sunday evening the wind shifted to the S. W. blow-

ing fresh; course S. S. E. At ten up mainsail, and set the main stay-sail. At a quarter past ten the main stay-sail split by the sheeting giving way; called all hands upon deck. At half past ten strong breezes and squally; took in the fore top-sail and set the foresail. At half past eleven the main-top sail split; furled it and the mainsail. The ship was now under her foresail, main and mizen storm stay-sail; the wind blowing hard, with a very heavy sea

About half past three on Monday morning, the 2d, the ship struck the ground, to the astonishment of every one on board, and, by the above reckoning, we then conjectured upon an unknown shore. She continued striking the ground very heavy several times, by which her bottom was materially damaged, making much water; the chain pumps were rigged with the utmost dispatch, and the men began to pump, but in about ten minutes she beat and drove over the shoal. On endeavouring to steer her, found the rudder carried away—she then got before the wind; the pumps were kept going, but from the quantity of water she shipped, there was every probability of her soon foundering, as she was filling, and sinking very fast.

After running about five minutes, the ship struck the ground again, with such tremendous shocks, that we were fearful she would instantly go to pieces, and kept striking and driving further on the sands, the sea making breaches completely over her. Cut away the landyards of the main and mizzen rigging, and the masts fell, with a tremendous crash, over the larboard

side; the foremast went immediately after. The ship then fell on her starboard side, with the gunwale under water. The violence with which she struck the ground, and the weight of the guns, those on the quarter-deck tearing away the bulwark, soon made the ship a perfect wreck abaft; only four or five guns could possibly be fired to alarm the convoy, and give notice of danger. On her striking the second time, most pityful cries were heard every where between decks, many of the men giving themselves up to inevitable death. I was told I might as well stay below, as there was an equal likelihood of perishing if I got upon deck. I was determined to go, but first attempted to enter my cabin, and was in danger of having my legs broke by the chests floating about, and the bulk heads were giving way, I therefore desisted, and endeavoured to get upon deck, which I effected, after being several times washed down the hatchway, by the immense volume of water incessantly pouring down. The ship still beating the ground very heavy, made it necessary to cling fast to some part of the wreck, to prevent being washed by the surges, or hurled by the dreadful concussions, overboard; the people holding fast by the larboard bulwark of the quarter-deck, and in the main channels, while our captain stood naked upon the cabin sky-light grating, holding fast by the stump of the mizen mast, and making use of every soothing expression which could have been suggested to encourage men in such a perilous situation. Most of the officers and men

were entirely naked, not having time to slip on a pair of trowsers. Our horrible situation every moment became more dreadful; until day-light appearing, about half past four o'clock, discovered to us the land, at about two cables length distance, a long sandy beach, reaching to Cape Mondego, three leagues to the southward of us. On day-light clearing up, we could perceive between twenty and thirty sail of the convoy ashore, both to the northward and southward, and several of them perfect wrecks. We were now certain of being on the coast of Portugal, from seeing the above cape, though, I am sorry to say, no person in the ship had the least idea of being so near that coast. It blowing hard, and a very great swell of the sea, (or what is generally termed waves running mountains high) there was little prospect of being saved. About eight o'clock, there being every likelihood of the ship going to pieces, and the after part lying lowest, Captain Dixon ordered every person forward, which it was very difficult to comply with, from the motion of the mainmast working on the larboard gunwale, there being no other way to get forward. Mr. Cook, the boatswain, had his thigh broke, in endeavouring to get a boat over the side; of six fine boats not one was saved, being all stove, and washed over with the booms, &c. Soon after the people got forward the ship parted at the gangways. The crew were now obliged to stow themselves in the fore channels, and from thence to the bowsprit end, to the number of 220; for out of 240 persons on board when

the ship first struck, I suppose 20 to have previously perished between decks and otherwise. Mr. Lawton, the gunner, the first person who attempted to swim on shore, was drowned; afterwards Lieutenant Wilson, Mr. Runcie, surgeon, Mr. M'Cabe, surgeon's mate, Mr. Stanley, master's mate, and several men, shared the same fate, by reason of the sea breaking in enormous surges over them, though excellent swimmers. About 30 persons had the good fortune to reach the shore, upon planks and spars, among whom were Lieutenant Harvey, and Mr. Callam, master's mate. Monday night our situation was truly horrid, the old men and boys dying through hunger and fatigue; also Mr. Proby and Mr. Hayes, midshipmen. Capt. Dixon remained all this night upon the bowsprit.

Tuesday morning presented us no better prospect of being relieved from the jaws of death; the wind blowing stronger, and the sea much more turbulent. About noon this day our drooping spirits were somewhat raised by seeing Lieutenant Harvey, and Mr. Callam, hoisting out a boat from one of the merchant ships to come to the assistance of their distressed shipmates. They several times attempted to launch her through the surf, but being a very heavy boat, and the sea on the beach acting so powerfully against them, they could not possibly effect it, though assisted by nearly 100 men of the merchant sailors, and Portuguese peasants. Several men went upon rafts this day, made from pieces of the wreck, but not

one soul reached the shore; the wind having shifted, and the current setting out, they were all driven to sea, among whom was our captain, who, about three in the afternoon, went on the gib-boom with three seamen; anxious to save the remainder of the ship's company, and too sanguine of getting safe on shore, ventured upon the spar, saying, on jumping into the sea,—"My lads, I'll save you all." In a few seconds he lost his hold of the spar, which he could not regain; he drifted to sea, and perished. Such was also the fate of the three brave volunteers who chose his fortune.

The loss of our captain, who, until now, had animated the almost lifeless crew, as well as the noble exertions of Lieut. Harvey and Mr. Callam, to launch the boat, not succeeding, every gleam of hope vanished, and we looked forward for certain death the ensuing night, not only from cold, hunger, and fatigue, but the expectation of the remaining part of the wreck going to pieces every moment. Had not the Apollo been a new and well-built ship, that small portion of her could not have so long resisted the waves, and stuck so well together, particularly as all the after-part from the chess-trees was gone, the starboard bow under water, the forecastle deck nearly perpendicular, the weight of the guns hanging to the larboard bulwark on the inside; and the bower and spare anchors on the outside, which it was not prudent to cut away, as they afforded resting-places to a considerable number of men, there being only the fore channels, and cathead, where it

was possible to live in, and about which were stowed upwards of 150 men; it being impracticable to continue any longer in the head, or upon the bowsprit, by reason of the breakers washing completely over those places. The night drawing on, the wind increasing, frequent showers of rain, the sea washed over us, and looking every instant for the forecastle giving way, when we must have all perished together, afforded a spectacle truly deplorable; the bare recollection of which even now makes me shudder. The piercing cries of the people this dismal night, at every sea coming over them, which happened every two minutes, were pitiful in the extreme; the water running from the head down all over the body, keeping us continually wet. This shocking night, the remaining strength of every person was exerted for his individual safety. From the crowding so close together, in so narrow a compass, and the want of something to moisten their mouths, several poor wretches were suffocated; which frequently reminded me of the Black Hole, with this only difference, that those poor sufferers were confined by strong walls, we by water; the least movement, without clinging fast, would have launched us into eternity. Some unfortunate wretches drank salt water, several their own urine, some chewed leather, myself and many more chewed lead; from which we conceived we found considerable relief, by reason of its drawing the saliva, which we swallowed. In less than an hour after the ship first struck the ground, all the provisions were under wa-

ter, and the ship a wreck, so that it was impossible to procure any part. After the most painful night that is possible to conceive, on daylight appearing, we observed Lieut. Harvey and Mr. Callam again endeavouring to launch the boat. Several attempts were made without success, a number of men belonging to the merchant ships, being much bruised and hurt in assisting; alternate hopes and fears now pervaded our wretched minds; 15 men got safe on shore this morning on pieces of the wreck. About three in the afternoon of Wednesday the 4th, we had the inexpressible happiness of seeing the boat launched through the surf, by the indefatigable exertion of the brave officers, assisted by the masters of the merchant ships, with a number of Portuguese peasants, who were encouraged by Mr. Whitney, the British Consul, from Figuiera. All the crew then remaining on the wreck were brought safe on shore, praising God for a happy deliverance from a shipwreck which has never had its parallel. As soon as I stept out of the boat, I found several persons whose humanity prompted them to offer me sustenance, though improperly, in spirits, which I avoided as much as possible. Our weak state may be conceived, when it is considered that we received no nourishment from Sunday to Wednesday afternoon, and continually exposed to the fury of the watery element. After eating and drinking a little, I found myself weaker than before, occasioned, I apprehend, from having been so long without either. Some men died soon af-

ter getting on shore, from imprudently drinking too large a quantity of spirits. All the crew were in a very weak and exhausted state, the greater part being badly bruised and wounded. About forty sail of merchant ships were wrecked at the same time on this dreadful beach. Some ships sunk with all their crew, and almost every ship lost from two to twelve men each; yet the situation of the remainder was not equal to that of the crew of the frigate; as the merchant ships drawing a less draught of water, were mostly driven close on shore, and no person remained on board them after the first morning. The masters of the merchant ships had tents upon the beach, and some provisions which they had saved from the wrecks, which they very generously distributed, and gave every assistance to the Apollo's crew. Thus was lost one of the finest frigates in the British navy, with sixty-one of her crew. The number of souls lost in the merchant ships was also very considerable. Dead bodies were every day floating ashore, and pieces of wreck covered the beach ten miles in extent.

BISHOP OF LANDAFF's SERMON.

THE Society for the Suppression of Vice is highly indebted to a Sermon of the Bishop of Landaff's, which was preached in support of an institution, in which the names of the most illustrious in rank and piety are now enrolled.

Of this Sermon, which is just published, we may speak in terms of commendation, something similar to those which a modern writer has applied to a predecessor of this Rev. Bishop in the episcopal chair, "That this work will be read by the good man as an incentive to piety, and by the critic and the wit as a model of pure style and unaffected elegance."—We subjoin an extract:—

"Deplorable, without doubt, is the condition of that country in which the manners of its people have gotten the ascendency over its laws, in which the fashion of the world tyrannizes over the religion of Christ! And is there not great reason to believe, that such is the condition of this country, at this time, in both these points? The law says, that deliberate duelling is murder: our manners say, that it is not. The law prohibits gaming, at any time, for high stakes; our manners permit it, even on a Sunday, to any extent. The law suffers not the Sabbath to be profaned by the unnecessary pursuits of ordinary occupations; our manners, stimulated by commercial avarice, suffer mail-coaches, stage-coaches, and other means of conveying goods and passengers, to be as free on that as on any other day in the week.

"Religion bids us perform unto the Lord our oaths:—fashion has rendered oaths of office a bye-word. Intemperance of every kind may be avoided from the apprehension of disease—but intemperance is fashionable. Who abstains from "chambering, rioting, and wantonness," from an apprehension of being thereby exclud-

ed from the kingdom of Christ? Religion represents illicit commerce with the sex as a great sin: Fashion esteems it no sin at all; and has rendered it as common amongst christians, as it ever was amongst the heathens of Greece and Rome! Religion bids women "adorn themselves in modest apparel, with shamefacedness and sobriety:" Fashion exhibits them in such indecency of apparel, that the pure innocency of a virgin mind shudders to appear in it! I have no pleasure in representing us in a worse light than we deserve; but our assembling here on this occasion is a convincing proof that the laws have not sufficient energy to restrain the dissoluteness of our morals. The laws are good, but they are eluded by the lower classes, and set at nought by the higher: the laws are good, but they are fallen into contempt, and require the zeal, the activity, the discretion of such a Society as this, to renovate their vigour!"

THE ORIGIN OF DUELLING.

THE custom of Duelling came originally from the northern nations, among whom it was usual to decide all their controversies by arms. Both the accuser and accused gave pledges to the judges on their respective behalf; and the custom prevailed so far among the Germans, Danes, and Franks, that none were excused from it but women, sick people, cripples, and such as were under twenty-one years of age or

above sixty. Even ecclesiastics, priests, and monks, were obliged to find champions to fight in their stead. The punishment of the vanquished was either death, by hanging or beheading; or, mutilation of members, according to the circumstances of the case. Duels were at first admitted not only on criminal occasions, but on some civil ones for the maintenance of rights to estates, and the like.

The general practice of duelling took its rise in the year 1527, at the breaking up of a treaty between the emperor Charles V, and Francis I. The former desired Francis's herald to acquaint his sovereign, that he would henceforth consider him not only as a base violater of public faith but as a stranger to the honour and integrity becoming a gentleman. Francis, too high-spirited to bear such an imputation, had recourse to an uncommon expedient to vindicate his character. He instantly sent back the herald with a cartel of defiance, in which he gave the emperor the lie in form, challenged him to single combat, requiring him to name the time and place of the encounter, and the weapons with which he chose to fight. Charles, as he was not inferior to his rival in spirit or bravery readily accepted the challenge; but after several messages concerning the arrangement of all the circumstances relative to the combat, accompanied with mutual reproaches bordering on the most indecent scurrility, all thoughts of this duel, more becoming the heroes of romance than the two greatest monarchs of their age, were entirely laid aside.

The example of two personages so illustrious, drew such general attention, and carried with it so much authority, that it had considerable influence in introducing an important change in manners all over Europe. Duels, as has already been observed, had been long permitted by the laws of all the European nations; and, forming a part of their jurisprudence, were authorised by the magistrate on many occasions, as the most proper method of terminating questions with regard to property, or of deciding in those which regarded crimes. But single combats being considered as solemn appeals to the omniscience and justice of the Supreme Being, they were allowed only in public causes, according to the prescription of law, and carried on in a judicial form. Men accustomed to this manner of decision in courts of justice, were naturally led to apply it to personal and private quarrels. Duels, which at first could be appointed by the civil judge alone, were fought without the interposition of his authority, and in cases to which the laws did not extend. The transaction between Charles and Francis strongly countenanced this practice. Upon every affront or injury which seemed to touch his honour, a gentleman thought himself intitled to draw his sword, and to call on his adversary to make reparation.

CHARACTER OF
THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT.
(BY DR. BISSET.)

FROM the time of Cecil, except sir Robert Walpole, none was so long prime minister of England as Mr. Pitt, and, without excepting any statesman, none had to encounter such arduous and trying situations. To direct the counsels of a great nation in difficult circumstances, requires chiefly patriotic intention, wise deliberation, and energetic execution; all fortified by a magnanimity which will be deterred by no paltry or ignoble motives from beneficial pursuits, plans and conduct. That William Pitt possesses transcendent talents, none of his most virulent opponents, who have any talents themselves, will venture to deny; but it is on the exercise of his powers, and the co-operation of his moral qualities, that the ministerial character of the statesman rests. To an understanding which unites extraordinary sagacity, force, and compass, to comprehend the situation of affairs in all their bearings and circumstances, to see what objects ought to be pursued, he unites that combination of invention and discernment which readily discover and estimate apposite means, with an unyielding firmness that will act according to its own judgment and choice: his mind is in a high degree endowed with self-possession: he is

neither to be impelled to speak or to act in any other way than he thinks suitable to the occasion; and perhaps there never was a minister who, in all the contentions of debate and the irritation of invective, so completely retained the command of his own powers and passions: neither the poignancy of a Sheridan, nor the strength of a Fox, could move him from the spot on which he resolved to stand. The integrity of William Pitt the second, as of William Pitt the first, was unimpeached. After seventeen years, he retired from office with an annuity scarcely five thousand pounds; an infinitely less provision than his talents might have secured by the exercise of his original profession; but, to such a mind, money must be a very secondary object: a passion much more appropriate than avarice to superior minds is, ambition.

Mr. Pitt, at a very early age, sought power, and acquired it by the fame of his personal qualities; how he employed it may be best seen from results. When he became minister, he found the country in a very exhausted state: he readily perceived that the extension of commerce, improvement of finance, and promotion of public credit, were objects of the most urgent and immediate concern; justly concluding that peace was much more favourable to trade and revenue than war, he set out as the votary of a pacific policy. During many years of his administration, commerce, finance, and credit, were extremely flourishing: his scheme for paying off the national debt was very effectual

during the continuance of peace, and diminished the burdens of the war. His principles of foreign policy were those which his ablest predecessors had adopted, that the interposition of Britain in the affairs of the continent is expedient, so far as it tends to preserve the balance of power, for the security of Britain and the independence of Europe: the application of this principle to Holland was by all approved: in the case of the imperial confederacy, the vigour and energy of Pitt repressed, and in a great measure dissolved, a combination that was extremely dangerous to neighbouring states. No part of his policy was more discriminately wise than his conduct in the first years of the French revolution; he carefully avoided not only interposition, but even the expression of an opinion concerning the new system and doctrines, while they did not disturb this country. Even when they became prevalent here, while he adopted the most effectual precautions for preventing their pernicious operation in Britain, he carefully forbore any allusion to their consequences in France: he and his coadjutors observed the strictest neutrality between the internal parties of France and the contending powers of France and of Germany. In the war, on a fair view of the evidence on both sides, there now remains little doubt that the French were the agressors; but, on the broad question of expediency, the possibility and prudence of avoiding a war, there still exists a great diversity of opinion, which must influence the estimate of the administration from that

time. On the supposition that war was unavoidable, its conduct becomes the test for appreciating Mr. Pitt's talents as a war minister; and here we must again refer to the results: where Britain acted in confederacy with other powers, she and they failed in most of the objects which they sought: going to war to defend Holland and to prevent the aggrandizement of France, we suffered Holland to become a province, and France to acquire a power unprecedented in the annals of modern Europe; but where Britain fought alone, and where the counsels of her ministers, as well as the efforts of her champions, could fully operate, she was uniformly victorious; if, therefore, war was necessary, as far as Mr. Pitt's talents could operate, it was successful: his plans animating the spirit for invigorating the energy, and promoting the resources of the country, were unquestionably efficient. During his belligerent administration, Britain was instigated to efforts which she had never before exhibited. After a contest which reduced the other contending nations to be dependent on France, Britain alone preserved her power and importance.

One of the most alarming evils with which Mr. Pitt had to contend was, intestine disaffection, arising from the contagion of revolutionary principles: the means which were employed to repress such agitators were, in Britain, completely successful, and sedition was restrained before it ripened into treason. In vigorously pursuing an object right within certain bounds,

it is extremely difficult not to overstep the limits. The extravagant projects of the corresponding societies required vigilance and counteraction; but it appeared that both ministers and Parliament misaprehended the case, in supposing such machinations to be treason by the English law: to prohibit the daily utterance of inflammatory lectures, was certainly necessary in the state of the popular mind; but the laws for imposing the restrictions probably outwent the professed purpose. The watchfulness of government respecting Ireland brought to a premature explosion the rebellion, that might have proved tremendous had it been allowed time to be fully charged: not satisfied with efficacious remedy to existing evil, Mr. Pitt, extended his policy to preventives, and endeavoured by an union to identify the sentiments as well as the interest of the Irish and British. The union between Britain and Ireland, one of the most momentous measures of Mr. Pitt, even as to present effects, will, probably, in future ages be much more distinguished, when the consequences of British and Irish connection are experimentally ascertained, as are now the consequences of English and Scottish.

"Persons who deny the necessity or prudence of the war may probably little value the abilities which it has called forth, and if they give credit to Mr. Pitt for genius and energy, may deny him wisdom, and assert, that for the last eight years, his great powers were employed in remedying evils which he might have before prevented: this, however, is a mere

matter of opinion, that resolves itself into the original expediency of the war, combined with the opportunities of afterwards making peace. It is less the province of the historian to obtrude upon his readers his own judgment, than to to furnish to them facts on which to ground theirs; without therefore presuming to solve so very contested a question, I cannot help declaring my thorough conviction, founded on an impartial and accurate view of his whole conduct, that Mr. Pitt, in advising the commencement of the war, and at various stages of its continuance, acted conscientiously, and according to the best of his judgment; and sought the benefit of his king and country, whose affairs he so long administered. Whether unbiassed posterity shall regard the war of 1793 as a necessary or unnecessary measure, peace in 1796 and in 1800 as attainable or not attainable, they must account Mr. Pitt, in the whole series of his administration, a statesman of great ability and strength of mind, who rendered momentous services to his country; and must allow, that never was the force of the British character tried by such dangers or graced by more splendid achievements than under the administration of William Pitt.

For the Monthly Visitor.

SIR,

AS a friend to your entertaining work, I am induced to transmit an account of the solemn service which was performed at the cha-

pel of St. Patrick, in Soho square, on the 26th of April last, for the repose of the soul of the late Duke of Enghien, at the request and expence of the French Emigrant Nobility and Gentry. Notwithstanding most of them have scarcely the means of subsistence, there was an honourable emulation to contribute to this funeral ceremony, not commanded by an Usurper, but offered voluntarily as a feeble but sincere proof of their attachment to the family of their king, and of their high consideration for their serene highnesses the Prince de Condé and the Duke of Bourbon. The expence of the decorations amounted to 600l.

The bishop of Montpelier officiated pontifically, and the Abbé de Bouvens, Vicar General to the bishop of Arras, pronounced the Funeral Sermon.

The Chapel was hung with black, all round, from the top to the bottom. In the front, and at the sides, were placed 72 girandoles, ornamented with many wax candles, and 144 escutcheons of the arms of Condé.

Near the altar was elevated a *catafalque*, or a sarcophagus, surmounted with a canopy, supported by four columns, and ornamented with a number of white feathers. Round it were several wax candles intermixed with the escutcheons of the arms of Condé. Four mutes were placed at the four corners.

A row of *fauteuils* or elbow-chairs were placed by the right side of the choir, where his Royal Highness Monsieur, brother to the king of France, with their Serene Highnesses, the

Dukes of Berry, Orleans, Montpensier, and Beaujolois, were seated; opposite them were placed all the French bishops yet faithful to their God and their king.

The Chapel, though it can contain 1800 persons, was not large enough for half of those who presented themselves. More English ladies, noblemen, and gentlemen, were observed in this assembly than Frenchmen; so general and so honourable to the feelings of the English nation, was the interest which the unfortunate destiny of the murdered hero inspired, and the horror and detestation of the monster who committed this murder.

Eight hundred ladies occupied the galleries. The gentleman sat below in the choir and at the sides. Three hundred cards had been distributed: among the English Nobility were observed the Duke of Northumberland, the Duke of Portland, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Talbot, Chatham, Kilmain, with several others, besides most of the members of the foreign diplomatic corps.

The preacher pronounced his sermon with a strong and clear voice, so as to be heard distinctly in every part of the chapel; from the beginning he fixed the attention of every one. He delivered gracefully what he conceived with truth and sentiment.

Not an eye was dry, not a heart that did not feel pity for the virtuous victim of the malice and cruelty of the usurper.

He chose for his text the 39th and 40th verses of the 12th Chapter of the first book of the Maccabees:—

" Et cum cogitasset Tryphon, regnere Asiæ et assumere diadema et extendere manum in Antiochum regem.

" Timeus ne forto non permetteret adversus eum, Jonathas, sed pugnaret adversus eum, querebat comprehendere eum et occidere."

Having expatiated upon the virtues, courage, and talents of Jonathan, and of his zeal to save his country, the preacher said, after having mentioned these particulars, to mention the name of the Duke of Enghien, was to complete the parallel.

He spoke of those traits of valour, which so early distinguished the Duke of Enghien, and made him admired as an hero, before he was entitled to be called a man. He represented him combating, with his grandfather and father wounded by his side, covering himself with the laurels of victory, and afterwards distinguishing himself by his humanity and generosity towards enemies; and finally honouring the name of Condé, already overcharged with a lustre and glory, difficult to support and to carry.

After having eloquently pourtrayed, and feelingly deplored the misfortunes of France, under the yoke of a foreigner, he addressed to God a fervent prayer to restore his country to her former tranquillity and happiness and he thanked the Almighty for not permitting such an atrocious assassination, perpetrated in the darkness of the night, to be committed by the hands of Frenchmen.

He represented the young hero raising his hands towards Heaven, and praying. "*My God, preserve my king, and deliver my country from the yoke of the Foreigner.*" Let us (said he) remember this invocation, and let us ardently pray God to give our virtuous, but unfortunate king, a safe retreat, where he may be out of the reach of rigicides, and their weak or vile accomplices; and let us repeat upon the tomb of a Bourbon, our oath of fidelity to our lawful king, and his heirs and family. May we all be able to say in the last moment of our lives as on this day; "You know, our heavenly Saviour, that we have suffered persecution, contempt and poverty; but we have never been apostates to our *God*, nor traitors to our *King*.

It is impossible to do justice in an extract to a sermon, of which no just idea can be formed, without reading or hearing the whole, as it did not contain a phrase that was not remarkable for its justness, its beauty, and its propriety.

Their serene highnesses the Prince de Conde and the Duke of Bourbon were not present. They continue yet ill at Wanstead-House.

DESCRIPTION OF PARIS.

BY MR. HOLCROFT.

WHEN barbarous nations began to immure themselves in cities, they were in continual and often in dreadful apprehension of

attack, against which they were obliged to guard. One of the means was to occupy as little space as possible, by their buildings. The streets, through which no coaches rolled, were narrow, and seem, by their relative position, to have been so constructed, as that to defend the entrance of one street should answer the purpose of defending many. The blessings of light, air, and health, were either overlooked or necessarily sacrificed to safety. Of this the city of Paris, the antiquity of which is great, is a striking example. It is built on an island, formed by the Seine, branching itself into two streams, below the quay de la Tournelle, and uniting again at the Pont Neuf. Here the streets, or rather alleys, are some of them still so narrow as that I doubt whether two wheelbarrows could pass. These extremely narrow streets are few; but one of any considerable width is scarcely to be found. Habit and imitation are often productive of much evil. When, in the middle ages, Paris began to extend itself on the north of the Seine, one would have imagined that the inconveniences of these narrow avenues would have been fully proved, and avoided; yet the same plan prevailed. After having been to look at the Palais Soubise, which is immured by such kind of streets, and is now in a deplorable state, I was coming down la Rue du Chaume, and was met by a cart: the passage was so narrow that I and some other people were obliged to turn back, till we could find door-ways, under which to stand till the cart had passed.

Of the populous thoroughfares of Paris themselves, there is scarcely a street which is not so narrow as to be extremely dangerous to foot passengers. They are rendered more so at some times by the extreme carelessness, and at others by the brutal insolence of coachmen. There is no foot pavement; and the only guard against carriages is formed by large stones placed at certain distances, but close to the wall.

The first time I was at Paris, not sufficiently aware of this danger, coming from the Italian Theatre down la Rue de la Loi, I was suddenly snatched aside by a French gentleman who was with me. Luckily, he was strong in the arm, and perhaps saved my life. The carriages were numerous, the noise was great, the hearing was confused; an Englishman has no habitual fear of such accidents; there was a coach at my heels, I scarcely distinguished the deep and insulting sound of *gare*, and should infallibly have been run over. A foreign nobleman, driving hastily through a narrow street in the dusk of the evening, overturned and broke his light chaise. To add to the misfortune, a coach followed; and the driver, disdaining to stop, ran over and killed the fallen horse, which was of great value. Enraged at carelessness so cruel, and more intent on the loss of his horse than to the fears of the man who had killed him, the nobleman ran at him, with his drawn sword, and furiously demanded why he did not pull up when he saw the horse on the ground? "Ah, Sir," cried the coachman, "it

was dark, and I thought it had only been a man."

Speaking of the women, he says, How shall I picture the women? In England, I had left them clean and compact; wearing stays and hats, and never venturing to stare at men; in France, and especially in Paris, their dress was loose, seldom either neat or entirely clean, their looks bold, their step short, the jet of their gait and hips affected, their faces bare, unshaded by hat or bonnet, their general dress, a jacket and petticoat, the apron-string tight, so as to divide the over-hanging waist. How did the image of neat and decent modesty swim before my eyes, and torment my thoughts. I could not endure that there should be a nation of women so different from that which I conceived to be the model of propriety, elegance, and virtue.

THE MISER.

EVERY *singular Character* merits some notice to posterity," says Shaftsbury; and we are of the same opinion.

The subject before us is a miserable shopkeeper, near Newport-street, stands at this moment unrivalled for economy, and is considered the most extraordinary miser of the day. The penurious being alluded to, has long been the subject of conversation in the above neighbourhood, where, by barely supporting his existence, and denying himself the necessaries of life, he has accumulated no less a sum than

18,000l. at present in the funds. The singularity of his way of living occasions much wonder how a human being, placed among civilized society, and surrounded by abundance, can submit to privations so severe and degrading, while possessed of the means to satiate his wants, and procure comfort; yet true it is, that the uniform happiness of this man's life, has been observed to center in *getting more*; and at this hour, the property he has accumulated operates as a stimulus, to persevere in the penurious course by which it was obtained. To describe his person and shop, he answers Shakespeare's character of the apothecary. Sharp misery has indeed worn him to the bones, and his appearance is that of famine and indigence. His cloaths, worn for a number of years, are in some parts ragged and covered with patches, rudely sewed on by himself; not a living creature is suffered to live with him, not even a domestic dog or cat, lest they should increase his expences by eating food. In the morning, after opening his shop, a half-penny-worth of milk alone serves for his breakfast; and for his dinner, he usually locks his door, goes to the meanest cook's-shop, and there buys a small portion of stale meat, the refuse of the customers; he is then satiated all day, and at nine o'clock at night, having shut up his shop, retires to rest under his counter, not on a bed, but straw, laid within a box, made to his shape, like a coffin, and thus buried, remains until his usual time of rising, when he continues the same round of avarice, and fails

not to call it frugality. Such is the conduct of this miser; and, in other respects, his sordid conduct has become so publicly notorious, that he is not only an object of derision, but the contempt of all who know him.

LONDON FASHIONS

FOR MAY.

SMALL chip hats, round flat crowns, moderately high, white or coloured—the latter most prevalent; the pink are wreathed with white roses, hyacinths, and narcissus' blossoms; the lilac with jonquils, or any other yellow flowers; the primrose with oak, myrtle, hawthorn, violets, or purple crocus; the blue adorned with silver chains and tassels, fastening very light feathers, either blue or white; on the white chip flowers of any colour. The wreaths meet on the left side, and with a sprig of the same flower reaching above the crown, are tied by a small bow of narrow ribbon. The square shawls are totally resigned for long ones of plain muslin or linen, worked with narrow borders on each side, and very richly at the ends. Sprigged or spotted shawls are trimmed with lace in the same manner.—These shawls are worn like tippets, and are looped down upon the back with a bow of ribbon —Old English, Roman, and Spanish cloaks, and loose pelisses, without sleeves, will all be worn both black and white, with broad laces; the muslin cloaks with elegantly worked borders, Vandyke scollop, and double capes to suit.

ON THE STUDY OF MANKIND.

BY FENELON, ARCHBISHOP OF CAMBRAY.

TO know mankind, replied Mentor, they must be studied; and, to be studied, they must be frequently seen and talked to. Princes should converse with their subjects, hear their sentiments, and consult them: they should also trust them with some inconsiderable employment, and observe how they discharge it, in order to judge whether they are capable of more important services. By what means, my dear Telemachus, did you, at Ithaca, acquire your knowledge in horses? was it not by seeing them frequently, and conversing with persons of experience concerning their excellencies and defects? In the same manner converse with the wise and good, who are grown old in the study of human nature, concerning the good and bad qualities of men: you will thus insensibly acquire a nice discernment of character, and be able to judge what may be expected from every man that falls under your observation. How have you been taught to distinguish between an excellent and an execrable poet, but by frequently reading, and conversation with persons who have a good taste for poetry? and how have you acquired judgment in music, but by the same application to the subject? How is it possible that men should be well governed, if they are are not known? and how can the knowledge of men be acquired, but by living among them? Seeing them

in public, when the conversation is on indifferent subjects, and sometimes artfully premeditated, cannot be termed living among them: they must be seen in private; their sentiments must be traced to the secret recesses of the heart; they must be viewed in every light; all their depths and shallows must be fathomed, and their principles of action ascertained. But, to form a proper judgment of mankind, it is principally necessary to know what they ought to be; a clear idea of real merit, is absolutely necessary, to distinguish those who have it, from those who have it not. Men are continually talking of virtue and merit; but there are few who know precisely what is meant by either. They are splendid terms indeed; but, with respect to the greater part of those who make them the constant subject of discourse, they are of uncertain signification. Justice, reason, and virtue, must be resolved into some certain principles, before it can be determined who are just, reasonable, and virtuous; the maxims of a wise and good administration must be known, before those who adopt them can be distinguished from those who substitute false refinement and political cunning in their stead. To take the dimensions of different bodies, it is necessary to have a standard measure; to judge of qualities and characters, we must have some settled and invariable principles, in order to regulate our judgment. We must know precisely what is the great purpose of human life; and to what end the government of mankind should be directed; the notion that a prince is invested

with the regal power and authority for his own sake, is wholly incompatible. This notion can only gratify the pride of a tyrant ; and a good king lives but for his people, and sacrifices his own ease and pleasure to their advantage. He whose eye is not invariably fixed upon this great end, the public good, if in any instance he attains it, will attain it by chance ; he will sail like a ship in the ocean, without a pilot, the stars unmarked, and the neighbouring coasts unknown : in such a situation, who can avoid shipwreck ?

Princes, not knowing in what virtue consists, are often ignorant of what they ought to seek in mankind : they mistake virtue for austerity ; it offends them by appearing to want complacency, and to affect independence ; it terrifies and disgusts them and they turn from it to flattery. From that instant they can discover neither sincerity or virtue ; from that instant, they pursue a phantom of false glory, which renders them unworthy of the true : they persuade themselves that there is no such thing as real virtue upon earth ; for though the good can distinguish the wicked the wicked cannot distinguish the good ; and what they cannot distinguish, they suppose not to exist : they know enough to render them suspicious ; and, not knowing more, they suspect all alike : they retire from the public eye. and immure themselves in their palaces ; they impute the most casual trifles to craft and design ; they fear every one, and every one fears them ; they avoid the light, and never appear but in disguise ; yet they are perfectly known ;

the maligant curiosity of their subjects penetrates every veil, and investigates every secret; but he who is thus known by all, knows nobody: the self-interested wretches that surround him, rejoice to perceive that he is inaccessible; and a prince who is inaccessible to men, must be inaccessible to truth: those who avail themselves of his blindness, are busy to calumniate or banish all who are capable of opening his eyes; he lives in a kind of savage and unsociable pomp, always the dupe of that imposition which he both dreads and deserves. He that converses only with a small number, cannot avoid adopting their passions and their prejudices, and, from passions and prejudices, even good men are not free; he must also receive his knowledge by report, and therefore lie at the mercy of tale-bearers, a despicable and envious race, who are nourished by the poison that destroys others; who magnify trifles, and make what is blameless criminal; who, rather than not impute evil, invent it; and who, to answer their own purposes, play upon the causeless suspicion and unworthy curiosity of a weak and jealous prince.

Let the principal object of your knowledge, my dear Telemachus, be man. Examine him, hear one man give his opinion of another; make trial of all in turn; trust implicitly to none; and profit by your experience when you shall have been deceived in your judgment, which sometimes will unavoidably happen; wicked men disguise themselves too artfully to be always detected: be cautious therefore in

forming your opinion of others, and do not hastily determine, either that they are bad or good; for, in either case, a mistake may be dangerous; and thus, even from your past errors, you will derive wisdom. When you have discovered virtues and abilities in a person, employ him in full confidence; for men of integrity expect that others should appear sensible of their merits, and set a much higher value upon confidence and esteem than upon pecuniary rewards. But do not endanger their virtue, by trusting them with unlimited power; for many men, who have stood against common temptations, have fallen, when absolute authority and boundless wealth have brought their virtue to a severer test.—The prince, who is so far favoured of the gods as to find two or three whose wisdom render them worthy of his friendship, will, by their means, find others of the same character, to fill the inferior departments of state; and thus, by the few that he can trust, he will acquire knowledge of others.

"But I have frequently neard," said Telemachus, "that men of ability should be employed, even though virtue be wanting." "The service of such men," replied Mentor, "is, indeed, sometimes necessary. When a nation is in a state of tumult and disorder, authority is too often found in the hands of wicked and designing men, who are possessed of important employments, from which they cannot immediately be removed, and have acquired the confidence of persons in power, who must

not abruptly be opposed; nor must they be abruptly opposed themselves, lest they should throw all things into confusion: such men must be employed for a time, but care must certainly be taken to lessen their importance by degrees; and even while they are employed, a real confidence must never be reposed in them. He that trusts them with a secret, invests them with power which they certainly will abuse, and of which, from that instant, he will be the slave: by his secret, as with a chain, he will be led about at pleasure: and however he may regret his bondage, he will find it impossible to be free. Let them negociate affairs of no great importance, and be treated with attention and kindness; let them be attached to their duty, even by their passions only they can be held; but let them never be admitted to secret and important deliberations. Always have in readiness a spring to put them in motion, when it is proper they should act; but a king should never trust them with the key of either his bosom or his state. When the public commotion subsides, and government is regularly administered by men of approved integrity and wisdom, the wicked, whom the necessity of your affairs had obliged you to employ, will insensibly become unnecessary and insignificant: but even then they should be kindly treated; for, to be ungrateful, even to the wicked, is to be like them; but in all kindness shewed to such characters, there should be a view to their amendment; some of their faults should be overlooked, as incident to human infirmity: but the king's authority should be gradually resumed,

and those mischiefs prevented which they would openly perpetrate, if not restrained. It must, however, be confessed, that the necessity of using wicked men as instruments of doing good, is a misfortune; and though it is sometimes an unavoidable misfortune, it should be remedied as soon as possible. A wise prince, who wishes only to establish order, and distribute justice, will soon find honest men of sufficient abilities to effect his purposes, and be able to shake off those whose characters disgrace the best service they can perform.

But it is not enough for a king to find good subjects in a state, he must also make them.—"That," said Telemachus, "must indeed be an arduous task." "Not in the least," replied Mentor; "the very search after virtue and abilities will produce them; for rewards, well bestowed, will excite universal emulation. How many languish in indolence and obscurity, who would become distinguished, if the hope of fortune were to excite them to labour? and how many despairing to rise by virtue, endeavour to surmount the distresses of poverty by criminal means? If you distinguish genius and virtue by rewards and honours, your subjects will excel in both, by a voluntary and vigorous effort of their own: and how much further may you not carry that excellence, by gradually advancing those that appear capable of public and important service, from the lowest to the highest employments! You will exercise their various talents, and experience the extent of their understanding, and the sincerity of their virtue.

TABLE

OF THE DISTANCES BETWEEN

The several Ports of England and those of France, in which the Armaments are at present carried on.

Harwich to

	Leagues		Leagues
Dunkirk	23	Bologne	28

North Foreland to

Dunkirk	12	Dieppe	30
Calais	10	Havre de Grace	43
Bologne	15		

Dover to

Dunkirk	11	Dieppe	24
Calais	7	St. Vallery Road	28
Bologne	10	Havre de Grace	36

Rye to

Dunkirk	17	Dieppe	21
Calais	13	Havre de Grace	32
Bologne	12		

Beachy Head to

Calais	20	Havre de Grace	27
Bologne	17	Cape la Hogue	38
Dieppe	21		

Portsmouth to

Bologne	36	Cherburg	26
Dieppe	34	Cape la Hogue	25
Havre de Grace	32	Alderney	27
Cape Barfleur	24	Guernsey	32

Portland to

	Leagues		Leagues
Cape la Hogue	18	Guernsey	20
Cherburg	23	Jersey	26
Alderney	18	St. Malo	40

Plymouth to

Cape la Hogue	33	St. Malo	46
Alderney	30	St. Michael en Greve	36
Guernsey	25	Morlaix	37
Jersey	33	Ushant	43

Lizard to

Cape la Hogue	46	St. Malo	52
Alderney	43	Morlaix	34
Guernsey	36	Ushant	31
Jersey	43		

DISTANCES ON THE COAST OF FRANCE.

	Leagues
Dunkirk to Calais	5
Calais to Bologne	7
Bologne to Dieppe	17
Dieppe to Havre de Grace	15
Havre de Grace to Cape Barfleur	17
Cape Barfleur to Cherburg	7
—— to Cape la Hogue	12
Cape la Hogue to Alderney	3
—— to Guernsey	9
—— to Jersey	9
—— to Granville	21
—— to St. Malo	22
Granville to St. Malo	7
St. Malo to Guernsey	19

	Leagues
St. Malo to Jersey	12
—— to St. Brieu	10
—— to St. Quay	12
—— to Treguiere	17
Treguiere to St. Michael en Greve	8
St. Michael en Greve to Morlaix	5
Morlaix to Fourn Head	14
—— to Ushant	21
Fourn Head to Ushant	7
Ushant to Brest	11

For the Monthly Visitor.

ON THE PASSIONS.

Communicated by the Hon. Mrs. Paget Bayley.

IT is both necessary to witness, and maturely reflect on this subject, in order that we may be enabled to define it. The passions are what we every day make our guides, and yet they are by us the least understood. We are rivetted to, and I may say, in love with them; by their impressions only are we guided, nor do we for a moment mistrust them.

The word passion is only used in certain societies, and the one half of the persons forming such societies, are but nominally acquainted with its meaning, and apply it indiscriminately upon every occasion; while the other half blindly give themselves up to it altogether. Those individuals, who conceive themselves

to be the best acquainted with the passions, pretend that it is absolutely impossible to resist their power, which constitutes the harmony of nature, and upon this basis they erect a superstructure which is the most convincing proof either of their ignorance, or their malice.

By the word passion we express a very strong emotion of the soul, which varies in proportion as the energies of that mind differ which receives the impression. There are some who positively do not possess passions, and such should by no means be considered as the most unfortunate; others, on the contrary, are nothing but passion, and they are not to be regarded as the most happy. It is certain that such extremes are not common, and they will even be found less so than is generally imagined; for we ought to be equally guarded as to our belief in those, who profess that they are nothing but passions as place our credence in such as are insensible of them. In fine, the world makes a jest of the word altogether---as it is now fashionable, either to be a raving madman, or a moving automaton.

Of the extremes of either all passion, or no passion at all, neither, as I have before stated, can be deemed happy, though, of the two, the total deprivation of passions much better capacitates us to meet the designs of the world in general. In stating this, I do not mean to impress my reader with an idea that nature ever forms us without feelings, but that mortal susceptibility obviously differs in us, is I think beyond all contradiction; and it is such as are na-

turally endowed with the smallest portion that, being placed in certain situations, become habituated to the total neglect of them. For instance, that man who fills the office of a public executioner, must certainly have divested himself of every feeling emotion of the soul; and so minutely did our first lawgivers investigate this point, as not to allow any individual to preside as a juryman, on a point where life and death is concerned, who has been accustomed to scenes of bloodshed.

If we trace this subject to its origin, we must allow, that passion being an affection of the soul, and depending on the general character, it does not remain with ourselves whether we shall possess passions or not; the soul not being at liberty to receive or reject an impression. It is not, therefore, in this instance that the soul is free; its liberty consists in yielding to, or repelling, the effect of such impression, whether bad, or good, and that power is accorded to all the world alike. It is, however, certain, that such freedom diminishes according as we are more or less engaged, and worked upon by the impressions received; that is to say, what might have been once surmounted with ease, becomes through habit the most arduous task, and by lapse of time is found to be irresistible; and such must always be the case when reason is wholly discarded.

Religion has even been disgraced by the most gloomy passions, from the venerable character, who instructs us in its tenets, even to the very lowest peasant; we constantly hear

the vanities of this wicked world decried, and continual mourning at what is stiled this miserable, and transitory state of existence.

What ingratitude this, to that all-merciful and beneficent Creator, who dispenses every moment his bounteous gifts; did he endow us with faculties merely to lament the possession of them? did he naturally inspire us with a love for no other than inordinate passions, which we were hourly to repent the commission of? No: he originally inculcated the simple religion of nature; he meant that we should love each other with brotherly affection; that the prolific page of the universe should be the volume for the study of all mankind; and is there, can there be, a work so matchless, so replete with beauty, so varied, and so exquisite, in all its component parts? Yet this paragon of excellence is neglected for frivolous pursuits, that disgrace the name of man.

It was a received opinion with the Lacedemonians, that men might be deterred from intoxication by beholding persons who had rendered themselves bestial by excess of liquor; and this position will hold good with respect to many other passions. Rage, despair, jealousy, envy, and avarice, with many others, assume so black an aspect, that they are most assuredly calculated to infuse horror in the breast of an observer. Yet these cannot be deemed contagious passions, as it is almost sufficient that the parents are subject to them, for their offspring to be addicted to others.

All passions are not subject to the same cor-

rectives, as there are some so very flattering as rather to excite, than conduce to their extinction. Ambition, glory, but above all, love, are of the latter class; but love is by far the most dangerous, because, being more powerful, and more pleasing to our natures, it assimilates with us much better than any other.

Love is an indefinite passion, on account of the multitude of objects which it comprehends, and the diversity of ideas which we entertain respecting it; every one has his particular conceptions on the subject, which differ from that of others; and it is with infinite pain that I am compelled to avow, notwithstanding all my endeavours to counteract the supposition, that love does not exist independent of the senses. That pure and metaphysical love, of which the Romans so much boast, is, I conceive, nothing but a pleasing chimera engendered in the minds of poets; for even the much-admired lover of the Paster Fido, who is regarded as perfect, seems, upon investigation, to be desirous of a great deal, though his hopes appear circumscribed, and that he really asks for nothing.

I am rather led to imagine, that those who have so much applauded this imaginary love, were merely desirous of casting a veil over its real meaning, and tempting, under this delusive mask, those whose rigid modesty would otherwise have prevented their yielding to the fascination; however, under what term, or dress, it be disguised, the basis of all love is certainly no other than the mutual attraction of the sexes.

The pure union of sentiments, and affections, is the foundation of all friendship; and it is that which constitutes all the difference between it and love. If friendship be less vivacious we have only to blame the senses, which bear a much closer affinity to love; and it is this purity of sentiment which does, I conceive, exist between the two sexes, that has annexed to friendship the title of a virtue the most precious, because the most durable, and worthy the veneration of mankind; for, above all others, friendship is undoubtedly the passion attendant on virtuous souls.

Interest, vanity, and jealousy, are vices that will ultimately destroy friendship; every thing approximating to perfectibility is certainly very uncommon. We leave a multiplicity of acquaintances, but very few friends; and men of violent passions are seldom susceptible of friendship unless that alone becomes their principal object.

Friendship is the balm and consolation of life, and it is only the want of reflection which prevents us from acquiring by times a real friend. After personal bravery, there is nothing, perhaps, so necessary to insure sublunary felicity as friendship; for that alone enables us to support the incalculable number of misfortunes which seem to be the necessary attendants of our present state of existence, from the hopeless period of infancy through every succeeding stage, till in the grave a period is put to every virtue, and to every vice.

Many sacrifices must be made to friendship,

if we are really desirous of being ranked among the number of its votaries. It is those, who are constantly asking---What is this boasted friendship? Where is it to be found? who have never taken one individual step towards its discovery. Those who are deserving of friends in general find them, and such as have them not, may conclude that their own conduct has bereft them of this first of blessings.

I cannot but speak in terms of the highest panegyric, of that Grecian who charged his friends to give his children portions, and serve them as parents after his demise.

There is but one class of men weary of life, and that consists of individuals who are unworthy of possessing a friend. The defects attendant on humanity can never affect real friendship; they only serve as a pretext to those who are incapable of appreciating its worth, and enjoying it, and who have consequently none at all.

It is a folly, aud altogether unreasonable, to think of finding perfectibility among mankind: even the individual, whom Diogenes desired, and sought after, did not extend to a being devoid of fault.

I know of nothing but absolute vice which can make any impression upon real friendship, as it is formed to brave every other calamity of life; but if once it is placed in contact with vice, it must either establish unrivalled emporium in the human breast, or be banished thence for ever.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE DANGER OF INCORRECT PUNCTUATION.

CARDEN relates, that Martin, the abbot of Asello, in Italy, caused this inscription to be put over the gate of his abbey:

"Porta, patens esto, nulli claudaris honesto."

"Gate be thou open, and not shut to any honest "man."

The painter, however, by incorrectly placing the comma after the word *nulli* instead of *esto*.

("Porta patens esto nulli, claudaris honesto")

gave it this meaning:

"Gate be thou open to no one, be shut even to an "honest man."

A pope passing the abbey, was so disgusted at the harshness of this inscription, that he immediately deposed the abbot.

An anonymous writer relates this anecdote;—The unfortunate Edward II. lost his life by his queen wilfully misplacing a comma in a note she sent to the keeper of the prison, where he was confined. It was this:

"To shed King Edward's blood refuse to fear, I count "it good."

Had the comma been placed after the word *refuse*,

("To shed King Edward's blood refuse,—")

it would have been a command to the keeper

not to hurt the king; but the jailor understanding the queen's note as it was written, the wretched sovereign lost his life.

SUICIDE.

MADAME Auguié having been personally attached to the late Queen of France, expected to suffer under the execrable tyranny of Robespierre. She often declared to her sister, Madame Campau, that she never would wait the execution of the order of arrest, and that she was determined to die rather than fall into the hands of the executioner. Madame Campau endeavoured, by the principles of morality and philosophy, to persuade her sister to abandon this desperate resolution; and in her last visit, as if she had foreseen the fate of this unfortunate woman, she added, "Wait the future with resignation, some fortunate occurrence may turn aside the fate you fear, even at the moment you may believe the danger to be greatest." Soon afterwards the guards appeared before the house where Madame Auguie resided, to take her to prison. Firm in her resolution, to avoid the ignominy of execution, she ran to the top of the house, threw herself from the balcony, and was taken up dead. As they were carrying her corse to the grave, the attendants were obliged to turn aside to let pass---the cart which conveyed Robespierre to the scaffold!!

GEORGE I.

Of this sovereign the following pleasing trait of good nature is related:

Soon after his accession to the throne, the Duchess of Buckinghamshire (natural daughter of James II.) was refused a passage in her carriage through St. James's Park; she in consequence wrote a letter to the king, abusing him in the grossest language, affirming he was an usurper, that she had a better right to go through the park than he, &c. &c. The king, instead of being offended, only laughed, and said,

"Oh! la folle, la folle! qu'on la alisse passér!

"The poor woman is mad, let her pass freely!" and gave orders she should have the liberty of going through the park at her pleasure.

CHARLES I.

The equestrian statue of Charles I. which stands near Charing-cross, from whence it looks towards Whitehall, the place where that monarch was beheaded, was sold at a low price, during the heat of the civil wars, to a cutler, who advertised, that he would melt it down, and make handles for knives of it. He, in fact, caused knives with bronze handles to be exposed to sale in his shop, by which he soon made a fortune; the republicans, who opposed the king, being all desirous of having some part of his statue debased to a knife-handle. The cutler, however, buried it under ground;

and, at the time of the restoration of King Charles the Second, gave it to that prince, and he ordered it to be set upon a new pedestal, in the place where it formerly stood.

SULLY.

MAXAMILIAN de Bethune, Marquis of Rosni, and afterwards Duke of Sully, was sent ambassador from Henry IV. of France, to James I. upon his accession to the throne. He was justly celebrated for his industry and capacity; and was rather an intimate friend and confidant of his master, than his prime minister. He had a more tender regard for the fame of that prince, than he had himself; he ventured to oppose his most violent passions, when derogatory from his honour or interest.

He was a man of order, frugal, a man of his word, and had no foolish expences either of play or of any thing else that was unsuitable to the dignity of his character. He was vigilant, laborious, and expedited business. He spent his whole time in his employments, and gave none of it to his pleasures. With all these qualifications, he had the talent of diving to the bottom of every thing that submitted to him, and of discovering every entanglement and difficulty with which financiers, when they are not honest men, endeavour to conceal their tricks and their rogueries.

Henry IV. gave Sully one day the contract of marriage into which he had entered with Mademoiselle d'Entragues, to read; who said,

after having read it: "Sire, will you promise me not to be angry?" Henry replied, "Yes, Sully, I promise you that I will not be angry." Sully tore the contract in pieces immediately, saying: "Sire, this is the use you ought to make of it."—"What, Sir, are you mad, to behave in this manner?" said Henry. "It is true, Sire," replied Sully, "that I am a madman, and would be so great a madman as to be the only person mad in France."

The lady whose contract of marriage with Henry Sully had thus torn in pieces, called him one day *Valet*, in the presence of his sovereign, because he would not assist her views of ambition. "This is too much, Madam," exclaimed Henry; "I would sooner part with six mistresses like yourself, than with one servant like Sully, whom you dare to call *Valet* in my presence. My ancestors have not disdained to ally themselves with his, I assure you."

AFFECTATION.

AFFECTATION is to be always distinguished from hypocrisy, as being the art of counterfeiting those qualities, which we might, with innocence and safety, be known to want. Thus, the man, who, to carry on any fraud, or to conceal any crime, pretends to rigours of devotion, and exactness of life, is guilty of hypocrisy; and his guilt is greater, as the end, for which he puts on the false appearance. But he that, with an awkward address, and unpleasing countenance, boasts of the conquests

made by him among the ladies, and counts over the thousands which he might have possessed if he would have submitted to the yoke of matrimony, is chargeable only with affectation. Hypocrisy is the necessary burthen of villainy, affectation part of the chosen trappings of folly; the one completes a villain, the other only finishes a fop. Contempt is the proper punishment of affectation, and detestation the just consequence of hypocrisy.

BOOKS.

"BOOKS," says Bacon, "can never teach the use of books." The student must learn by commerce wilh mankind to reduce his speculations to practice, and accommodate his knowledge to the purposes of life.

VIEW ON A RIVER IN HOLLAND.

THE annexed spirited Engraving is an accurate View, taken by an eminent artist, on a river in Holland; and we trust it will meet the approbation of our friends.—At the same time that it exhibits the once industrious disposition of the natives, it conveys some idea of their manner of building, and conveniences for trade.

VELUTI IN SPECULUM.

THE DRAMA.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches—none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own

POPE.

HAY-MARKET.

THIS Theatre opened May 15, with the play of *The Mountaineers*, and *Love Laughs at Locksmiths*. The company are almost the same as last season, with some additions. Mr. Noble, *vice* Bourton, is indeed a happy exchange. We cannot, however, congratulate the manager on the strength of his theatrical corps, particularly with respect to the female part. Mr. Elliston is much improved in the character of Octavian; still he has many blemishes to overcome.

On Saturday, May 26, was produced, a New Comedy, in five acts, called *Guilty or not Guilty?* from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin.

The chief plot of this piece is taken from a novel, called *The Reprobate*. Lord Rigid's son, who was intended by his lordship for his ward, has secretly married a Major's daughter; he bears a most abandoned character, particularly that of a vile gamester, and one who not only attempted the life of his father, but the virtue of his mother-in-law. His dwelling, (an hermitage) which he possesses on condition of not marrying till at a certain age, he pretends to his wife to have purchased, the lady being induced, from report, to hate the man whom she has in fact married under an assumed character. From this hermitage she visits her father's house through a secret passage, and finally obtains an interview with the Major, who understanding that she is married, forgives her: but finding it to be the owner of the hermitage, he instantly seeks him, and gives him the choice of two pistols. A letter which is brought to Edmund Rigid at this interval, makes him suddenly take leave, to the mortification of the Major, who consequently charges him with cowardice, and declares, that if he does not stand his ground, he will fire at him; accordingly he discharges his pistol at the time his daughter is rushing in between them, and who immediately faints. No accident however happens, as it is found afterwards, that his servant, who was ordered to load the pistols, omitted putting any bullets in them. Young Rigid now appears in defence of his father, who has been challenged by Sir Harry Pointer, brother to his ward, for having given him, when in a drunken fit, a blow. On

the reconciliation of the parties, Edmund Rigid vindicates his conduct—he has mixed with gamesters in order to recover Sir Harry's property, which the latter had lost to them, and which young Rigid restored to him. He had fallen in love with a lady, who he heard was afterwards married; and when taxing her with inconstancy, and suddenly meeting his rival, he found it was his father, from whom he had wrested a sword. Such is the main plot of *Guilty or not Guilty*. The chief comic characters are Triangle, who keeps a school, a circulating library, and a news-room; and Sir Harry Pointer, a sportsman. The piece has considerable merit, and much whim, but by no means entitled to the name of COMEDY. *Sudden love*, a *subterraneous passage*, and many other improbabilities, render it a mere romance; similar to that from which it is borrowed.

The characters have no claim to originality; Triangle is a mere copy of Totum, in the play of *Sighs*, or, *The Daughter*; and Sir Harry Pointer is Sir Harry Beagle much improved. The language is, in general, chaste and witty, though some of the puns are only fit for a farce; the incidents are well contrived, but in one respect there is a sameness, viz. when Mr. Balance, who is waiting for his friend, the major, with whom he had quarrelled, says—"The last time he visited me was from that door, I remember he entered, and popping in his head, he said ———" here the major pops in his head, and cries "How do you do."——In a succeeding act, when William is conferring

with his sweetheart, and assuring her that if he ever used her ill his troubled conscience would cry to him——— here the daughter, who was hiding in the garden, calls—"William,"—to the great terror of the astonished clown.

The piece was received with considerable applause—no dissatisfaction was expressed, except when the major fired the pistol, and exclaimed—"Am I a father, or a paracide?" which occasioned the disapprobation of some *tender-hearted* critics. Among the improbabilities may be reckoned the daughter's character, who, it seems, never sought to be reconciled with her father till she became a *mother*. The piece was tolerably well performed—some of the performers indeed (we are unwilling to mention names) were guilty of—*murder*. The prologue (which was indifferently spoken) stated, that the bard was transferred from the soil of Covent-Garden, but that notwithstanding

——— the change of air,
Your liberality is—every where.

The epilogue, which was spoken (sometimes *read)* by Mr. Elliston in the character of a lawyer, was admirable. It was for proving the author guilty of—*robbery;* for that he took his play from a novel, which, if tolerated, would be the means of bringing the *Minerva Press* from Leadenhall to Drury-Lane. He then called *Abednego,* and other characters in the author's former plays, to prove him an—*old offender*—however, he importunes for a second *trial* on Monday night.——Here Mr. Elliston

was withdrawing amidst universal applause, upon which he returned and said,

"Since with your plaudits I'm so loudly greeted,
"*Guilty or not*—shall be again repeated."

This happy and novel mode of delivering out the play insured general approbation. This piece, which is far superior to many of the day, and indeed, to the majority of the author's writings, will certainly have a considerable run.

The winter theatres, if such we may call them in the month of *June*, are chiefly occupied with benefits. Drury-Lane closes, we understand, on the 9th inst. but Covent-Garden remains open almost the whole of the month.

JUVENILE RECREATIONS.

ANSWER TO THOSE GIVEN IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

1. French-horn.—2. Under-mine.—4. Peer-less.

FOR SOLUTION.

REBUS.

1.

A HARD substance transposed,
Melt away with a touch:
Now to find out these two.
Sure can't trouble you much.

2.

A PART of dress, I'd have you guess,
By men and women often worn,
A blow no less, it will express,
Which those who feel have cause to mourn.

THE

PARNASSIAN GARLAND,

FOR MAY, 1804.

For the Monthly Visitor.

GENTLEMEN,

I TAKE the liberty of forwarding the following piece for insertion in the Monthly Visitor, if approved of: should it appear, it will stimulate me to proceed with the revision of some lines written on perusing your interesting account of Sidmouth.

I am, &c. HENRY.

*To the Memory of the brave unfortunate Men who perished in La Coquille * frigate, destroyed by Fire, in the late war, at Plymouth.*

No danger seen; no wave to wake a fear,
No danger seen; and yet was ruin near. NOYES.

STRANGER! as up the castled cliff thou rov'st,
Far come to view the prospects stretch'd beneath,

* La Coquille was captured, together with La Hoche of 74 guns, &c. off the coast of Ireland, in the late war, by Sir John Borlase Warren. An action obstinately maintained by both squadrons, and the issue was pregnant with incalculable consequences to this country.

Sublime and wonderful:—the busy port—
The Channel's ample sweep, and Britain's fleets
Dashing across its waves:—or Maker's Heights,
With Edgecumbe's purple waving groves high crown'd,
Where the bold batteries guard the bay below.
Awhile muse pensively upon the lot
Of those brave seamen, who, on yonder shore,
Inglorious sunk in death. Ah! drop a tear.
Hard is thine heart indeed, if from thine eye
The big drop does not swiftly glide along,
To misery sacred.—If a patriot thou,
Know that those gallant men were in the fight
When bold WARREN sunk rebellion's hope,
And rear'd his daring pendant o'er the HOCHE.
In that dread hour fell carnage stalk'd in view
Amid the dead that throng'd the slipp'ry deck:
The madly bursting storm—the lightning's flash—
The elemental war—the missive ball
Around them harmless rag'd, for PROVIDENCE
Inscrutable, had doom'd them not to fall
When roard'd the battle, or when howl'd the gale.
Ah! little thought they as to HOME return'd,
And closing from the labours of the day,
The grog convivial, and the humourous joke
Went cheerly round, that many chequer'd life
So soon should eve—so soon with them be o'er.
Touch'd by the casual spark, the nitrous mass
Sudden sprang forth into explosion loud:
High up in air the hapless victims blew;
The flames resistless quickly roll'd along;
And shrieks * of dismal meaning rent the air,

* Several of the brave fellows being wounded, were unable to ascend the deck, by penetrating through the flames: in this situation they put their arms through the scuttles, and waving to the boats without, with

They met an awful death. When home return'd
Stranger! thou entertain'st thy circling friends
With all the wonders in thy tour seen,
Rehearse this melancholy tale, nor cease to tell
Till generous emotions melt each soul,
And kindliest Sympathy shall bid the sigh
Heave to the memory of the fallen brave.

HENRY.

PICTURE OF MORNING.

(From the Powers of Genius, a Poem, just published.)

ONCE more supported by the care of heaven
Without whose knowledge not a sparrow falls,
I breathe the air of Morn. The voice of Joy
Now welcomes Nature from the sleep of Night,
And pours its song of gratitude to God.
Bright from yon hill looks forth the king of day.
He shakes his golden locks and flings on earth
His full effulgence and his genial warmth.
With red the towering mountains all are tipt.
The lake slow winding thro' its sedgy bed
Reflects its radiance trembling o'er its wave.
The tall pines whistle, bending their green heads.
The hills with gladness meet the opening day,
And echo to the bleating of the flocks.
Varying and wild, sweet Nature's tuneful band
Forth from the grove their gayest music send;
And now and then is wafted to the ear
The music of the distant shepherd's pipe.
Moistened with dew the flow'ret of the vale

the most piercing shrieks implored help. This, however, it was impossible to give, and *they shared the fate of the ship.*

Lifts its gay head, and the saluting breeze
Bears its sweet fragrance on its wings away.
Health flies the pillow when the sun has risen.
Health wantons in the breath of balmy morn.
Nature has wakened from her still repose,
Shook from her arms the drowsy God of Sleep.
Come then Alinda, with me bend thy course
O'er the gay landscape glittering in the sun.
Let us inhale the spirit of the breeze,
And mark the charms of nature in the bush,
And brake and lawn, and morn's unruffled wave.
Give to the light, fair maid, thy peerless beauty,
Give to the wind thy locks of glossy hair,
And give to me thy soft benignant smile.

AN ODE.

BY T. G. FESSENDEN, A. M.

ALMIGHTY POWER! The ONE SUPREME!
Our souls inspire, attune our lays,
With hearts as solemn as our theme,
To sing hosannas to thy praise.

Then, while we swell the sacred song,
And bid the pealing anthem rise
May Seraphim the strain prolong,
And hymns af glory fill the skies.

Thy word Omnific, form'd this earth
Ere time began revolving years—
Thy fiat gave to Nature birth
And tun'd to harmony the spheres.

When stern Oppression's iron hand,
Our pious fathers forc'd to roam,
And o'er the wild wave seek the land
Where Freedom rears her hallow'd dome.—

When tempests howl'd, and o'er the main,
Pale Horror rear'd his haggard form;
Thou didst the fragile bark sustain
To stem the fury of the storm.

When savage hordes, from wilds immense,
Rais'd the shrill war-whoop's frantic yell,
Thine arm made bare in our defence,
Dispers'd the gloomy hosts of hell!

Thou badst the wilderness disclose
The varied sweets of vernal bloom—
The desart blossom'd like the rose,
And breath'd Arabia's rich perfume!

Look down from heaven's empyreal height.
And gild with smiles this happy day.
Send us some chosen SON OF LIGHT
Our feet to guide in Wisdom's way.

The sons of Faction strike with awe,
And hush the din of party rage,
That LIBERTY, secur'd by LAW,
May realize a golden age.

On those thy choicest blessings shower
To whom the cares of state are given;
May Justice wield the sword of Power,
TILL EARTH'S THE MINIATURE OF HEAVEN!

THE NAVAL MUSE;

OR, FLIGHTS OF FANCY.

An Address to the Friends of the Literary Fund, on the Anniversary of the Institution, the 12th of April, 1804, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.

Written and recited by William Thomas Fitzgerald, Esq.

BLESS'D be the hour when first your gen'rous care
Bade learning hope, and genius not despair!

When warm with hope, in life's aspiring morn,
The tints of fancy ev'ry scene adorn;
The glowing landscape charms the scholar's view,
And youth believes the fairy prospect true!
But soon experience proves his eye betray'd,
And all the picture darkens into shade.
Like fleeting visions of the heated brain,
Dissolve in poverty, and end in pain.
The gift of eloquence in vain he tries,
Grief in his heart and want before his eyes!
Check'd by cold looks he hopeless turns away,
And like the valley's lily shuns the day!
But you shall seek him in his lonely shade,
And, when by all deserted, bring him aid;
Raise to bright hopes, and stimulate to fame,
The bard who else had died without a name.
Unseen you bless—and what you nobly give,
Assist the press, and bid its vot'ries live;
Let no cold policy your aid withhold,
Because some prostitute that press for gold.
For, though the letter'd garden may disclose,
The nightshade mingled with the fragrant rose;
Shall we the rich and free parterre destroy,
Because some poison grows, some weeds annoy?
And while we thus a rude reform pursue,
Root up the evil, and the blessing too!
No! though the press its liberty abuse,
The patriot never will his hand refuse,
To guard it as fair freedom's firmest base,
His country's boast, security, and grace.
Unfetter'd 'tis beneficent to men,
For those who mock the sword still fear the pen;
And though the pencil faithfully may trace
The hedious outlines of a tyrant's face;
In stronger lines, the muse more unconfin'd,
Can draw the blacker features of his mind.
Despotic, cruel, insolent, and vain,
With boundless power he lives the slave of pain;

Behold the sword o'er half the world extend,
Millions of slaves he has, but not one friend!
Though nations groan beneath his iron sway,
Doom'd in his turn to suffer and obey.
On beauty's breast his head ne'er found repose,
That charm celestial for all human woes!
Bless'd pillow! where the wretched find relief,
From fortune's frowns, and ev'ry worldly grief.
No balmy sleep attends his bed of care—
But dreams of death, and visions of despair,
Keep nightly watch, and dreadful vigils there!
Th' historic sage, describing Europe's groan.
Oppress'd with facts, will pause, and sighing own,
That Sylla's cruelties, and Nero's crimes.
But faintly paint the monster of our times!
Then will he turn to calm his harras'd mind
From those who curs'd to those who bless mankind.
From power usurp'd to that which firmly stood,
On the broad basis of the public good;
And Britain's sov'reign, in his faithful page,
Shall shine the bright example of the age!
In Virtue's cause he shall resume his pen,
To paint the best of monarchs and of men;
In one strong line, all other praise above,
A Prince enthron'd upon his people's love! *
Thus shall the press co-operate with law,
The good to vindicate, the bad to awe!
And nations yet unborn shall read and own
That Freedom's bulwark is the British throne!

* This line is taken from the Author's Prologue to the Widow of Malabar, written in 1790.

THE TEAR.

ON beds of snow the moon-beam slept,
And chilly was the midnight gloom,
When, by the damp grove, Ellen wept,
Sweet maid! it was her lover's tomb.

A tear then gush'd—the wintry air
Congeal'd it as it flow'd away;
All night it lay an ice-drop there,
At morn it glitter'd in the ray.

An angel, wand'ring from the sphere,
Who saw this bright, this frozen gem,
To dew-ey'd Pity brought the tear,
And hung it on her diadem.

THE WIDOW TO HER HOUR-GLASS.

BY ROBERT BLOOMFIELD.

COME, friend, I'll turn thee up again,
Companion of the lonely hour!
Spring thirty times hath fed with rain,
And cloth'd with leaves my humble bower,
Since thou hast stood
In frame of wood,
On chest or window by my side;
At every birth still thou wert near,
Still spoke thine admonition clear.—
And when my husband died.

I've often watch'd thy streaming sand,
I've seen the growing mountain rise,
And often found life's hopes to stand,
On props as weak in wisdom's eyes:
Its conic crown
Still sliding down,

Again heap'd up, then down again;
The sand above more hollow grew,
Like days and years still filt'ring through,
And mingling joy and pain.

While thus I spin, and sometime sing,
(For now and then my heart will glow)
Thou measur'd Time's expanding wing:
By thee the noontide hour I know:
Though silent thou,
Still shalt thou flow,
And jog along thy destin'd way:
But when I glean the sultry fields,
When Earth her yellow harvest yields,
Thou gett'st a holiday.

Steady as truth on either end
Thy daily task performing well,
Thou'rt Meditation's constant friend,
And strik'st the heart without a bell:
Come, lovely May!
Thy lenthen'd day
Shall gild once more my native plain;
Curl inward here, sweet woodbine flow'r;—
"Companion of the lonely hour,
"I'll turn thee up again."

EPIGRAM.

LET your tongue, Ned, the vilest invectives bestow,
Since my merits you'd willingly raise;
You're so known for a lyer wherever you go,
That I'm ruin'd at once if you praise.

Literary Review.

A Narrative of the Proceedings in America of the Society called Quakers, in the Case of Hannah Barnard; with a brief Review of the previous Transactions in Great Britain and Ireland, intended as a Sequel to an Appeal to the Society of Friends.

AS we have noticed the *Appeal*, in three parts, to the Society of Friends, and have bestowed upon it our approbation, it becomes us to bring forward this, its *Sequel*, which is peculiarly interesting, as it imparts a summary view of the whole controversy. The reader, indeed, will find much gratification in the perusal of its contents: for we here meet with some curious correspondence, illustrative of certain proceedings disgraceful to the society at large, accompanied with many sensible remarks, which shew a just abhorrence of every species of religious persecution.

We again express our regret, that *Hannah Barnard* should have been treated in so unchristian a manner by a christian society. But excessive zeal is ever running into extremes. Sectaries of every description ought, at least,

for the sake of consistency, to cherish the profoundest attachment to civil and religious liberty.

Letters from France, in 1802. *By Henry Redhead Yorke. In two octavo Volumes.*

FRANCE, ever since her bloody, and tremendous revolution, has afforded ample materials for the pen of genius; her constant changes — her numerous evolutions, awaken and gratify the curiosity. The press teems with productions on the subject, and while readers purchase, no doubt care will be taken that the market shall not remain unsupplied. However, we must confess, that, with a few exceptions here and there, the work before us is well written, and communicates many a pleasing article of information. The writer seems well acquainted with the country, and had access to many of the leading characters in Paris; hence anecdotes are detailed, which enrich and enliven the production.

Mr. Yorke, like many of the early admirers of the French Revolution, has thought proper to alter his opinion concerning it. Of course traces, or rather traits, of repentance frequently occur in the work; experience, he often declares, has made him wiser, nor is he ashamed to proclaim this wisdom to the world. He complains, indeed, in his preface, that some persons seem not to welcome the *repentant sinner*; this is a hard case, and ought to teach political characters that they should not, in the first

instance, go astray. But some great and good persons were miserably deceived by the French revolution. It promised liberty and happiness—its progress was marked by bloodshed and confusion—its termination is military despotism, the worst species of tyranny, for it involves every thing within its grasp in irremediable destruction.

Good Tidings; *or, News from the Farm*; *a Poem. By Robert Bloomfield, Author of "The Farmer's Boy."*

THIS truly ingenious poet is well known by his former productions, which have secured to him a just and well-earned reputation. His *Farmer's Boy*, and his *Tales and Ballads*, are the theme of general delight and admiration.

His muse has now touched on the popular and delightful subject of the VACCINE INOCULATION. This discovery, by the immortal JENNER, may be well pronounced *Good Tidings*; or, *News from the Farm*; it is indeed a species of intelligence calculated to exhilirate every heart; for it is destined to bless every region of the civilized globe! The poet opens with a sweet description of a little *flaxen-headed blind boy*, who had lost his sight by the small-pox;—it is a most natural picture, and in the strains of genuine inspiration. The author then traces the ravages of this horrible distemper in his family, closing with the triumphs of Benevolence in the rise, progress, and diffusion, of the VACCINE INOCULATION.

Our readers will be pleased with the following specimen: it alludes to the devastations which the *small-pox* has in times past made on beauty.—

Our boast, old Time itself shall not impair,
Of *British maids*, pre-eminently fair;
But as he rolls his years on years along,
Shall keep the record of immortal song.—
For song shall rise with ampler power to speak
The new-born influence of BEAUTY's cheek—
Shall catch new fires in every sacred grove,
Fresh inspiration from the lips of Love,
And write for ever on the rising mind—
DEAD IS ONE MORTAL FOE OF HUMAN KIND.

The whole poem, both as to sentiment and expression, does great credit to the author; we are at a loss which most to admire, the ingenuity of the plan, or the neatness of the execution. By celebrating the blessings of the VACCINE INOCULATION, it is assuredly devoted to the best interests of mankind.

The Life, and Posthumous Works, of W. Cowper, Esq. By William Hayley, Esq. Volume the Third.

THE two former volumes of this truly interesting publication, were announced to our readers at the time of their appearance, and this additional volume completes the work. It consists of some very pleasing letters, many indeed addressed to the Rev. John Newton, with whom the author lived on terms of the greatest intimacy. The pieces are few, but they are marked by the genius of Cowper—

they are stamped by his usual originality. The frontispiece is a view of the poet's tomb—interesting to all lovers of genuine poetry.

A Sermon preached before the Society for the Suppression of Vice, in the Parish Church of St. George, Hanover-Square, on Thursday, May 3, 1804, by Richard Watson, D. D. F. R. S. Lord Bishop of Landaff.

THE friends of revealed religion, both among churchmen and dissenters, have one great object in view—the suppression of vice—the promotion of virtue—the diffusion of peace—and happiness throughout society. The worthy prelate has here employed his talents with success for so divine a purpose. And we are happy to find that this religious veteran is still able to exert himself, both by preaching and writing for the good of society. It is by the continuance of such well-directed exertions, that this globe will one day become the abode of universal peace and tranquillity.

The Annual Review, and History of Literature, for 1803. Arthur Aikin, Editor.

A REVIEWER should possess those qualities without which his duties cannot be properly discharged. And when it is obvious that these qualities are not to be found in certain *reviewers*, it is high time they should be *reviewed*. Such is the task assigned us on the present occasion.

This publication, with *high pretensions to superior merit*, cannot meet our approbation. Some books which are here noticed have never been read; for no remarks are made on either style or sentiment, but the production is entirely condemned. It is very easy thus to review in the *lump*, and calls for the exercise of little or no sagacity. Other volumes are studiously misrepresented from beginning to end---faults exaggerated, and excellencies kept back; indeed this manner of review is so much indulged, that the writer has made his pages the vehicle of private malignity. But how can such a conduct as this be accounted for? Why, say some, the Edinburgh Review has adopted a similar mode of noticing books, and in consequence of its ill-nature, and asperity, has obtained a considerable circulation. Therefore the *Annual Review* is a humble imitation. But others, who are professedly the editor's friends, apologise for this literary outrage, by alledging, that the abusive articles were never written by him. Why then put *his* name to the volume? he is certainly responsible for its contents, and will no doubt have reason to repent of this, his rashness and folly. We close, however, by remarking, that the editor has taken care that his FATHER's productions should be amply panegyrised. This is to be considered as a proof of filial gratitude and affection; but then care should have been taken, that his *father* was not praised at the expence of almost every other writer in the literary world.

The Life of George Washington, Commander in Chief of the American Forces during the War which established the Independence of his Country, and First President of the United States. Compiled under the inspection of the Hon. Bushrod Washington, from original Papers, bequeathed to him by his deceased Relative. To which is prefixed, an Introduction, containing a Compendium of the Colonies planted by the English on the Continent of North America, from their Settlement to the Commencement of that War which terminated in their Independence. By John Marshall, Chief Justice of the United States. Quarto. Volume First.

AS this work is intended as a full and ample account of the late great and good WASHINGTON, it is entitled to peculiar attention. Few persons were ever more esteemed through life, or more regretted at their decease. He was the most honest and upright of political characters. Having established the independence of his country, he then governed it with equity, and retired to his private seat, at Mount Vernon, amidst the blessings of his fellow-citizens. To trace such a man from the cradle to the tomb is no ordinary task;---it calls for the hand of a master, and executed by such a hand, it cannot fail to prove an interesting piece of biography.

The present volume is only introductory, and therefore we meet with nothing more than a detail of events, from the first discovery of America, by Columbus, down to the peace of 1763. Of course this part cannot be any other than a compilation; but the best writers appear to have been consulted, and the narrative is marked by ease and perspicuity. This is all

that we can reasonably expect on the subject, and our expectation therefore has been gratified.

How far it may be wise, or prudent, to extend the work to four or five *quarto* volumes, is a matter of doubt with us. It depends, indeed, on the minuteness with which the American war is detailed, in which WASHINGTON acted so conspicuous a part. The deceased it is said left papers for this purpose, and *he* must have had in his possession materials illustrative of that extraordinary portion of modern history.

The head of *Washington*, prefixed to the volume, has a venerable appearance;---Mount Vernon, though announced with this volume, appears with the next, and there are two good maps of the northern and southern provinces of the United States. We hope the proprietor will not be sparing in his views of those spots, in America, where the most important scenes of the war were transacted;---to the European reader such decorations will afford a high gratification.

The Chase; to which is annexed, Field Sports. By William Somervile. Esq. With a Sketch of the Author's Life; including a Preface, Critical and Explanatory, and some Annotations on the Text and nature of the Poem, by Edward Topham, Esq. With many Engravings on Copper and Wood. Price 6s. 6d. boards. Large Edition, 10s. 6d. Hurst.

WERE it not that the edition of Somervile's Chase, before us, stands entitled to more than ordinary notice, on account of the very splendid

embellishments, as well as the original and interesting notes belonging to it, we should have passed it unnoticed. The happy talents of this justly admired author are universally known; and not only to the sporting world do we recommend the work before us, but to amateurs of the fine arts also it will be found a very agreeable treat. The paintings, we perceive, are by the ingenious Mr. Sartorius, and the engravings executed by Mr. John Scott, whose merits, in this particular department of the graphic art, are already distinguished in the execution of the plates to the Sportsman's Cabinet.

Retrospect of the Political World.

FOR MAY, 1804.

AT home we have been much occupied by the resignation of MR. ADDINGTON, and the succession of MR. PITT, to be Chancellor of the Exchequer, and First Lord of the Treasury. Indeed there has been almost a total change of *ministry*. With what advantage time only can determine. Certain it is, that every means were used by a certain party to get rid of MR. ADDINGTON;---they have succeeded;---he perhaps was too honest a man for his situation. His majesty, however, preserves his attachment for him, and will no doubt bestow some lasting tokens of his royal favour. Be this as it may, we, amidst the restless love of

change, by which the age stands distinguished, wish well to our country.

The elevation of that *monster*, Buonaparte, to the purple, or, in plain terms, making him Emperor of France, is the principal news from abroad; we trust his ambition will be at length gratified. The address of the senate, with his reply, constitutes the completest piece of dissimulation, and hypocrisy, that ever was exhibited to the world. Liberty and equality are still the professed themes of admiration, whilst the *Great Nation* is bowed down to the earth under the yoke of military despotism—the perfection of slavery.

The protest of the *Emperor of Russia*, against the murder of Duke D'Enghein, will, we trust, be productive of much good; it is a noble testimony against the ravages of Corsican villainy. His execution must be added to the long list of bloody deeds produced by the French revolution.

MONTHLY CHRONOLOGIST

FOR MAY, 1804.

1. THE Duke of Gloucester's Loyal Volunteers fired for a gold medel at Kilburn Wells. Corporals Piddington, and Cooper, were nearly equal; but the latter was declared the best shot, and had accordingly the prize assigned him.

7. The first brigade of volunteers, belonging to the western district of the metropolis, was reviewed in Hyde Park by Lord Harrington. The Duke of York, and the Duke of Cambridge, with many of the nobility, were present on the occasion.

8. A very numerous and respectable meeting of the Whig Club, took place at the Crown and Anchor Tavern.---MR. FOX in the chair. The Duke of Norfolk, and the Duke of Bedford, made two excellent speeches, relative to the state of the country.

9. An unexampled act of cruelty was perpetrated by a taylor, in Moorfields, on his wife, to whom he had been married twenty years. He cut her with a pair of sheers, broke her collarbone, and nearly fractured her skull; two surgeons dressed her wounds, and she was conveyed to the hospital with little hopes of recovery. The brute was taken into custody.

10. The second brigade of volunteers, of the western division of the metropolis, were reviewed, amidst immense crowds, by Lord Harrington in Hyde Park. The river-fencibles went up the river as far as Putney, having taken water at the tower. They then marched to Wimbledon Common, where they had a grand field-day.

14. Mr. Thomas Best, who had the fatal duel with Lord Camelford, presented himself at Bow-Street, in order to meet whatever charge might be exhibited against him, respecting that unfortunate transaction. He was com-

mitted to Newgate; but the grand jury not finding the bill, he has been of course liberated.

15. Mr. Opie gave his first lecture on painting at the Royal Institution. There were present persons of the first distinction, and the whole assembly gave not unfrequently warm testimonies of approbation.

16. Mr. William Ellis, of Holborn, in the act of cleaning his musket, preparatory to a review, the piece went off, and killed him on the spot! One would hope that the frequency of such accidents would teach caution.

17. Anniversary of the Royal Jennerian Institution at the Crown and Anchor, in the Strand. Duke of Bedford in the chair. The meeting was numerous and respectable; various testimonies were borne to the merits of Dr. Jenner, for this his most useful and celebrated discovery. Mr. Benjamin Travers' son recited with effect some delightful passages from Mr. Robert Bloomfield's new piece, *Good News from the Farm*; it is indeed altogether a charming piece of poetry.

18. Grand presentation of colours to the Loyal London Volunteers at Blackheath; some of them having gone down with the Lord Mayor by water to Greenwich, where they landed, amidst the acclamations of multitudes who had gathered together on the occasion. On the heath the presentation took place with suitable tokens of pomp and joy.

19. Anniversary of the Royal Society of Musicians, held at Willis's Rooms. Earl Fortescue in the chair, supported by Earls Grosvenor,

Uxbridge, and Wilton, and several others of distinction.

25. The foul-mouthed, and abusive William Cobbett, convicted of two libels against the Irish government in the Court of King's-Bench. The one was directed against the lord-lieutenant; the other against the solicitor, Mr. Plunkett; in the latter case, 500l. damages were assigned him by the jury.

MONTHLY LIST OF BANKRUPTS.

FROM THE LONDON GAZETTE.

HO KNOWLES, Rushworth, Halifax, cotton-spinner. Ewens Tucker, St. Nicholas, Deptford, tallow-chandler. John Dobson, Leeds, merchant. Samuel Varley, West Burton, Yorkshire, hosier. Elisha Heawood, Heaton-norris, Manchester, and James Robert, of Stockport, cotton-spinners. Thomas Cooper, Leatherhead, Surry, corn-chandler. Peter Richardson, Wakefield, woolstapler. Charles Green and Samuel Marsland, Heaton-norris, cotton-spinners. Louis Simon, Great Bath-street, Cold-bath Fields, watch-manufacturer. William Brooks, Bideford, Devon, shop-keeper. William Hutchinson, Wakefield, Yorkshire, hardwareman. Samuel Bradley, Holborn, victualler. Henry Ashley Keeble, Peckham, Surry, builder. John Page, Saint Clement, Worcester, hop-merchant. Samuel Hill, late of Addle-street, London, merchant. William Pitts, Boston, Lincoln, sacking-manufacturer. George Tod, King's Road, Sloane-square, surveyor. William Coombe, Queen-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. Richard Rankin, late of Leftwick, Chester, and William Okell, late of Liverpool, merchants. John Gwynn,

late of Alborne, Wilts, fustian-maker. Francis Bland, late of Isleham, Cambridge, shopkeeper. Edward Finningley, Thorne, York, miller. William Vile Hewlet, High-street, Southwark, druggist. Thomas Corlett, Friday-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. William Schultze and Philip Unger, Great Winchester-street, Broad-street, London, merchants. Charles Wootton, Bath, milliner. Wilmer Mackett Willett, Rushforth-hall, Yorkshire, cotton-spinner. Simon Greetham, Bedale, York, grocer. Henry Levi, late of Ramsgate, Kent, dealer. William Sandback, Northwich, Chester, dealer. Sarah Holmden, Seven Oaks, Kent, miller. John Hayes, Maidstone, Kent, paper-maker. James Arrowsmith, Stockport, Chester, baker. Michael Cannan, Little Cheapside, Sun-street, Cheapside. Thomas Lucas and James Philip Lucas, Birmingham, auctioneers. Henry Wilson Brown, Cannon-street, hat-manufacturer. Edward Carritt, Louth, Lincoln, sadler. Francis Figgins, Stockport, Chester, upholsterer. John Edwards and George Manville, Cale Coch, Flint, manufacturers of earthenware, John Field, Watford, Herts, miller. George Hartley, Colne, Lancaster, calico manufacturer. Charles Witherington, Ross, Hereford, vintner. Grace Riding, widow, and William Riding, her son, Andover, Southampton, linen-drapers. I. Jones, Westbury-upon-Trym, Gloucester, victualler. J. Gordon, late of Peghouse, Gloustershire, clothier. R. Harcourt Twycross, of Brook-street, Holborn, jeweller. Edward East, late of St. George's Crescent, Surry, coach-maker. John Dalrymple, Russel-street, Bermondsey, Surry, corn-dealer. Bateman Knipe, New Bond-street, wig-maker. John Glover and James Hardum, Rotherhithe, Surry, patent gun-carriage-makers. Thomas Corbyn, Cheapside, draper. Robert Dymoke, Temple-mills, Essex, calico-printer. John Stenley

Pluck, Lamb's-street, Spitalfields, Middlesex, oil and colourman. Robert Drimmy, Great George-street, Minories, tailor. Thomas Nairn, Wapping-street, baker. James Hatfull, Butcher-row, Deptford, smith. Stephen Brain, Pile Marsh, Glocestershire, coal-miner. Louis Louis, Oxford-street, Middlesex, grocer. Clough Leese, Leopard's-court, Baldwin's gardens, chemist. William Hutchinson, Little Eastcheap, merchant. James Parish, Thomas Parish, James Stafford, and Thomas Hardwick, Holloway's End, Staffordshire, glass-manufacturers. William Thomas Pollard, Aldenham, Hertfordshire, farmer. Joseph Smith White, late of Witham, Essex, miller. John Scott and Charles Stewart Bisset, Liverpool, liquor merchants. James Robinson, Liverpool, silversmith. Joseph Dodgson, Milthorpe, York, Horse-dealer. John Hardcastle, Knottingley, York, mercer. Benjamin Glossop, Redham, Gloucestershire, beast-jobber. William Hargrave, Kirton-in-Lindsey, Lincolnshire, stone mason. William Bu hel, Cannon-street, grocer. Robert Sanderson, Palsgrave-place, money-scrivener. John Dutton, Catherine-court, Tower-hill, ship broker. Thomas Coulstring, Bristol, cider-merchant. John Bunting, Whale Fishery, Little Hermitage-street, Wapping, victualler. Paul Lee, South Shields, druggist. William Ludlow the younger, Andover, Southampton, wine mercant. William Arnold Ludlow, Andover, grocer. Charles Reynolds, Norwich, woollen-draper. John Debrett, Piccadilly, bookseller. Philip Jones Philips, of Oxford-street, upholsterer. George Hammond, Canterbury, upholsterer. Lazarus Oppenheimer, late of Henage-lane, near Bevis Marks, merchant. Mark Rowe, Truro, Cornwall, shopkeeper. Edward Jackson, Edmonton, plumber. Utrick Anthony Henricks, Jeffries-square, merchant. John Webb and Thomas

Webb, Coventry, silk-dyers. John Thacker Saxton, late of Chesterfield, Derby, bookseller. Richard Riley, late of Mansfield, Nottingham, maltster. Richard Hodgson Jones, Stourbridge, Worcester, clothiers. William Ludlow, late of Hillworth, Wilts, wine-merchant. John Henry, Southcote, late of Stokefleming, Devon, lime-merchant. Jeremiah Winder, Chorley, Lancaster, timber-merchant. William Ashby, Hog-lane, Shoreditch, currier. John Warner, Elmdon, Essex, shopkeeper. John Rice Kemp, late of Haslemere, Surry, victualler.

REMARKABLE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

MARRIED.

On the 25th May last, at Cawnpoor, in Bengal, Joseph Brooks, jun. Esq. of the hon. East India Company's service, to Miss Lake, eldest daughter of General Lake, Commander-in-Chief in India.

Isaac Goldsmid, Esq. of Finsbury-square, to Miss Isabel Goldsmid, second daughter of Abraham Goldsmid, Esq. of the same place.

Colonel Burr, of Fitzroy-street, to Miss Parry, daughter of Thoma Parry, Esq. one of the Directors of the East India Company.

Thursday, May 10, at St. James's Church, by the Lord Bishop of London, Thomas Porteous, Esq. of Jermyn-street, to Miss Elizabeth Chatham, of Little Dean's-yard, Westminster.

Wednesday morning, May 16, at St. George's Church, Hanover-square, the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel De Grey, the eldest son of Lord Walsingham, to Miss Methuen, eldest daughter of Paul Cobb Methuen, Esq. Corsham House, Wilts.

DEATHS.

At Trowbridge, J. Clark, Esq.—He died worth 100,000l. and 17,000l. in guineas has been found in his scrutoire.

On Wednesday, April 25, in Hatton-garden, in the 84th year of his age, Mr. William Miles, late of the Exchequer office, in the Inner Temple.

On Sunday, April 29, at his house in Privy Gardens, in the 51st year of his age, Henry, Marquiss of Exeter, Lord Burghley, Joint Hereditary Grand Almoner to the King in fee, and Recorder of Stamford. His Lordship was married in August, 1800, to Elizabeth, Duchess of Hamilton, relict of the late Duke. Brownlow, Earl of Exeter, the Marquis's eldest son by a former marriage, succeeds him in title and estate.

Mrs. Parry, relict of the late Rev. W. Parry, of Ruthin. She only survived her husband a few days, owing to the affectionate regard she had for him. This was the lady whose personal charms, in early life, drew from the pen of Lord Lyttleton, the appellation of "The Fair Maid of Bala."

At Whitcomb, near Bath, the Rev. Richard Money, lately from America, one of the Missionaries for propagating the gospel in foreign parts.

On the 6th ult. in the citadel of Valenciennes, in France, the Rev. Danvers Graves, LL. D. late of East Woodhay, Berks.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WE acknowledge the receipt of Juvenis's lines, which will undergo a perusal.

It would be an unpleasant task to comply with the wishes of W. R. our objection must be manifest to him on a moment's consideration.

Mr. Wilkes may rest assured that his request shall be complied with.

ADAM FERGUSSON LLD & FRS.